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OUR NORLAND.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

We have no Dryads in our woods,
 No Fairies in the hills;
 No Nereids in the crystal floods,
 Nor Undines in the rills;
 No jolly Satyrs, such as he
 The gentle Spenser found
 In that rare dream of chivalry
 With which his Muse is crown'd;

No sacred Fauns, no Druid Oaks,
 No sylvan Deities;
 No Ouphs to hold along the brooks
 Their midnight revelries;
 No Ogres guarding castle keeps,
 No Witches wild and lean,
 No crafty Syrens from the deeps,
 Nor Genii from the green;

No mellow-throated Nightingales,
 Drowsing the wilds with song,
 While echo wakes through all the vales
 The sweet notes to prolong;
 No Larks, at heaven's coral gate
 To celebrate the morn
 In fiery strains, and passionate
 Wild bursts of lyric scorn; —

But we have birds of plumage bright,
 And warblers in our woods,
 Whose hearts are well-springs of delight,
 Whose haunts the solitudes —
 The dim, untrodden wilderness,
 Where wildness reigns supreme;
 God's solemn temple none the less
 Than some stupendous dream;

Vast e'en beyond the thought of man,
 Magnificently grand;
 Coeval with the first rough plan
 From Nature's artist-hand;
 Deep within deep, and wild on wild,
 In savage roughness rolled;
 Grandeur on grandeur heaped and piled
 Through lusty days of old.

The lofty cape, the stern-brow'd peak,
 Round which the mists are curl'd,
 As if Nature gave us, in some freak,
 The freedom of the world.
 Broad inland seas and lovely lakes
 Their tributaries seaward pour;
 And cataracts whose thunder shakes
 The granite-belted shore.

The rugged oak, the regal pine,
 Our woodland monarchs these,
 Round which the kingliest garlands twine
 For countless centuries.

Their reign was from the days of eld,
 Their hosts were mighty peers,
 Who fought and fell, as time compelled,
 The battle of the years.

How great the forest heroes are
 That stand on every hill!
 How have they scoffed at scathe and scar,
 And scorned each threatening ill!
 Knew we their chronicles of fame,
 The record of their deeds,
 They'd crowd us from the scroll, and shame
 Our catalogue of creeds.

We have no feudal castles old,
 Like eyries perched on high,
 Whence issue knights and barons bold,
 To ravage and destroy;
 But we've the remnant of a race
 As bold, as brave as they,
 Whether in battle or the chase —
 The Red Men of to-day.

How brave, how great, in days of yore,
 Their scanty legends tell;
 The soul, an hunger'd, craves for more,
 But, lo! beneath the swell
 Of Time's resistless, onward roll
 The unwritten secrets lie,
 No voice from out the distant goal,
 No answer but a sigh.

For Time, like some old miser, keeps
 The record of the tribes,
 And will not yield it from the deeps
 For promises or bribes.
 What matchless Chiefs, what Sachems gray,
 What multitudes of Braves!
 But what remains of these to-day?
 A continent of graves!

And in their stead the Old World pours
 Her streams of living men —
 Her hearts of oak — along our shores,
 To people hill and glen;
 To battle through a nation's youth,
 Until by Heaven's grace
 We rise in Freedom and in Truth,
 Another British race.

Stand up, then, in thy youthful pride,
 O nation yet to be,
 And wed this great land to its bride,
 The broad Atlantic sea;
 Fling out Britannia's flag above
 Our heaven-born endeavour,
 One chain of waves — one chain of love —
 Uniting us for ever!

— Bentley's Miscellany.

KINGSTON, C.W.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE "MISSION" OF RICHARD COBDEN.

BY LORD HOBART.

It is long since there left the world any one who deserved so well of it as Richard Cobden. To say this is indeed, in one sense, to say but little. For the acts of those who have had it in their power to influence the destinies of mankind, mankind has in general small reason to be grateful. In account with humanity, the public characters have been few indeed who could point with satisfaction to the credit side. But of Cobden's career there are results which none can gainsay. Vast, signal, and comprehensive, they disarm alike both competition and criticism. The two great triumphs of his life were the repeal of the Corn Laws and the Commercial Treaty with France. Of these, the first gave food to starving millions, redressed a gigantic and intolerable abuse of political power, saved an empire from revolutionary convulsion, and imparted new and irresistible impulse to material progress throughout the world; the second carried still further the work which the first had begun, insured, sooner or later, its full consummation, and fixed, amidst the waves of conflicting passions and jarring interests, deep in the tenacious ground of commercial sympathy, a rock for the foot of Peace.

But, though Cobden's public life is admired by most Englishmen, its real scope and nature are understood by very few. The prophet was not without honour, but he was almost entirely without comprehension, in his own country. Being asked on one occasion to take part in some project of interest or pleasure he declined on the ground that he had a "mission." What, then, was the "mission" of which he spoke? What was his distinctive character as a public man? The prevalent notion entertained respecting him among well-educated Englishmen is that he was the apostle of Free Trade, with a strong and rather dangerous tendency towards democracy and cheap government, and a disposition to peace at any price on account of the costliness of war. It was reserved for foreigners to appreciate the greatest Englishman of his time, and for a foreigner to describe him justly. He repealed the Corn Laws; he fought and triumphed for Free Trade; he advocated peace; he deprecated national extravagance; and broke a lance, when occasion occurred, for political liberty. But these acts of his were but means to an end; illustrative of and subservient to the great

object and idea in the service of which his energies were employed and his life sacrificed;—for the true political definition of Cobden is that which the foreigner supplied—*an international man.*

It is strange, but it is true, that there had been no international men of any note before his time. For what is internationalism? Suppose a community which, from whatever cause, was without laws or government of any kind. In such a community every man would be the guardian of his own rights and interests, and compelled to bear arms, offensive and defensive, to maintain them. Bloodshed and every kind of misery, the hideous brood of anarchy, would abound. The state of affairs, even among savages, would be intolerable; and it would not be long before some one would propose the natural and obvious remedy—political institutions. Suppose further (the case is conceivable) that the proposal was met with contempt on account of its alleged impracticability. Suppose that it appeared, or was asserted, that there was such an utter dissimilarity of views and feelings, such an intense individuality, in the different members of the community, that the attempt to unite them under any form of government or any regular system of law was hopeless. Suppose, nevertheless, the author of the proposal to persevere. Suppose him to contend that the alleged objection to it had no foundation in reality, but was the offspring, rightly considered, of mere prejudice and error;—that if men were, as they affirmed, thus self-centred, dissimilar, and antagonistic, they ought not to be so; and that, if the evil was real, the remedy rested with themselves. Suppose him to represent that if they were sensible men they would mitigate for the common good the intensity of their individualism; that if they were Christians political intercourse with each other should be a pleasure and not a pain. Imagine him to urge that for the sake of a mere sentiment, puerile, barbarous, and eminently pagan, they were deliberately impoverishing themselves, and leading a life proper to wild beasts rather than to men; that for the sake of a prejudice against each other the result of deep-rooted habit, they were content to live in a condition of constant anxiety and suffering, diversified with occasional outbreaks of violence and bloodshed; and that while they bitterly complained of the cost, physical and mental, of such a state of existence, they were ready to endure it rather than abandon the precious possession of individuality, self-concentration, and self dependence, handed down

to them by their ancestors, with all its train of selfishness, jealousy, reciprocal animosity, and mutual misunderstanding, and which by some strange hallucination they were accustomed to look upon as a good rather than an evil. Suppose all this, and you have supposed a case which actually exists. For the community of nations is a community precisely such as has been described; internationalism, in its ultimate scope and full development, is the doctrine supposed to be taught and rejected; and the teacher of that doctrine is the international man. Is it not strange, then, that Cobden should have been the first to teach it? still more strange that he should have been treated by the influential classes in his own country as a man who—well-meaning, no doubt, and eminently successful in his line—was yet hovering on the verge of lunacy?

Time out of mind the individuals of which the community of nations is composed have been willing to live as no other community could live—without a polity and without laws.* Of the terrible evils which result, one, though possibly not the greatest, is war. This evil is so vast and conspicuous that it shocks and sickens humane men; and nothing is more common than to hear discussions on the question whether or not war is lawful. But if war is unlawful, then, in the case just supposed, of a community consisting of individual persons, it is unlawful for each of them to protect his own rights in the absence of any government to protect them; a doctrine which no one possessed of common sense will be found to maintain. The natural and necessary result of international anarchy is war, just as the natural and necessary result of national anarchy is personal violence. But war is not, because international anarchy is not,† an inevitable condition of human affairs. War is, because international anarchy is, excusable enough as between barbarous communities. But among civilized and enlightened nations war is, because anarchy is, a scandal and a shame. It is this evil—this anarchy of nations—which has wrought more misery and prevented more happiness than perhaps any other of the self-inflicted torments of humanity. It is an evil which is as grave in its negative as in its positive aspect; which has cursed the world, not only by

drenching it with blood and letting loose upon it the foulest and fiercest passions, but by placing between the human mind and the intellectual and moral improvement resulting from the political and social intercourse of human beings an impassable barrier. But instead of being treated as a calamity of this hideous complexion, it is habitually looked upon with complacency and self-gratulation. In the opinion of the generality of men, this absence of political intercourse between nations is a happy disposition of Providence, which it would be impious in human creatures to disturb. The class of persons in this country who sing "Rule Britannia" experience in doing so a thrill of conscious virtue, and a comfortable sense of duty done which confirms them in the practice. The Frenchman with his *gloire* and his *grande nation* feels elevated in the moral scale when he sings their praise. That which the world has wept in tears of blood, and but for which it would have worn an aspect, compared with that which it now wears, of perfect felicity, is treated as a subject for honest rejoicing to good citizens—for British jollification or French fanfarronade. If these men were heathens, there would be more to be said for them; though one might have thought that improved means of education and advancing intelligence would have taught even to paganism, that the self-isolation of nations—the self-imposed and obstinately-maintained severance of man from man, because they happen to be of a different race, or to have a different political history—was not an evil to be danced and sung about, but a calamity to be deplored. Being Christians, it is difficult to understand their error. Christianity cut the knot which intellectual advancement would sooner or later have untied, and if it taught anything, taught this, that simply because they belong to a different race, or are geographically divided from them, men have no right to treat other men as socially and politically distinct from themselves; that the mutual estrangement, social and political, of members of the great human family, is an evil of the same nature as the mutual estrangement of children born of the same parent; and that the exclusive regard of men for those with whom they are classed by the accidents of origin or of soil is a moral delinquency of the gravest kind. Be it remembered by those who meet, as they imagine triumphantly, considerations such as these with the words "Utopian" and "visionary" (words by which it may be remarked that every innovation in any important degree conducive to the gen-

* It need hardly be said that "International Law," which there are no established tribunals to administer and no means which can be relied on to enforce, is not law in the ordinary sense of the word.

† To civil war, which is happily rare, and implies no maintenance of standing armies, this and the following statements are, of course, inapplicable.

eral warfare has in its turn been stigmatized), that what is here contended for is not the possibility of immediate or proximate remedy, but simply the proposition that the acquiescence in an approval of a state of things so contrary to good sense, to right feeling, and to the most vital interests of the world, is unworthy of intelligent and well-intentioned human beings.

The virtuous self-satisfaction which has just been noticed as attending upon the assertion and display of nationalism, and which opposes so fatal a bar to international concord and union, is based upon confused notions of patriotism, which is of two kinds — patriotism the virtue and patriotism the vice.

Patriotism the virtue is that feeling which, where it exists in a high degree, inclines a man to prefer to his own interests the interests of the country to which he belongs, and which, in however small a degree it exists, leads him to consider himself not as an isolated being with no concern but his own welfare, but as a member of a society whose welfare is his own. Patriotism the virtue makes the general well-being, as distinct from that of the individual in whom it resides, its study and its care. If either the existence or the well-founded claims of his own country as a member of the community of nations is threatened, it devotes itself, at whatever sacrifice, to their defence, just as it would devote itself to ward off any internal calamity of equal magnitude. It admits that, so long as nations remain politically isolated from each other, so long as they are unable by common agreement to terminate the anarchy which afflicts them, force is the sole and legitimate protector of the rights of each; and that to compel a people against its will to submit to a foreign dominion is an injustice which must be resisted to the last. But the very essence of patriotism the virtue is self-sacrifice for the general good. It implies no approval or toleration of the anarchy of nations, or any idea that the interests of the particular country in which the patriot happens to live are paramount to those of the rest of the world. It is ready to sacrifice itself for the community to which it belongs, but it claims no right to decide as to the limits of that community. The boast of nationality is no part of the business of such patriotism. Indeed, the mental disposition in which it is generated is such as would rather incline a man, so far as is possible, to enlarge the bounds of his country, not by military conquest, but by peaceful amalgamation; for the temper and habit of

mind which characterize the true patriot as the citizen of a state would find a fuller development and gratification when he became a citizen of the world.

Patriotism the vice is the moral opposite of the former. It is that feeling among citizens which imparts to the nation, considered as one of the component parts of a great community, that very selfishness which is repudiated by patriotism the virtue. It is that feeling which causes a nation habitually to prefer its own to the general interest. The essence of virtuous patriotism is self-sacrifice; the essence of vicious patriotism is self-regard. One is the desire felt by a citizen for his country's advantage, even at the cost of his own; the other is the desire for his country's advantage because that country is his, at the cost of other nations. Patriotism the vice looks upon the life of nations as one long struggle for success at the expense of each other; holds that a state should deprecate, and, if it has the power, prevent, any increase in the wealth and prosperity of other states, lest the "balance of power" should be disturbed; and appears to consider the fact that the world was not made exclusively for the benefit of one nation as a disposition of affairs to which nothing short of absolute compulsion should induce it to bow.

It is then by confounding these two kinds of patriotism that men are led to tolerate and approve of the anarchy of nations. With true patriotism that anarchy has nothing in common, but, on the contrary, is essentially at issue. If illustration be required of this, it is to be found in the fact that the most devoted and disinterested patriot of our time, — the Liberator of Italy, — is also one of the very few distinguished men who have felt and avowed international aspirations. At the close of a campaign unusually arduous and triumphant he gave vent, in a letter which appeared in the public journals of the day and was sneered out of court in the usual manner, to the trouble of his grand and benignant soul. Was war, he said, never to cease from the earth? Were nations to remain for ever disunited, with no thought but their own aggrandizement, and occupied in preparing themselves at an enormous cost to spring on the shortest notice at each other's throats? Was there no chance of a hearing for common sense and humanity, so that men, whether they were Italian, French, English, Austrian, Russian, or Prussian, should at length, after centuries of unwisdom, admit themselves to be members of a common family, whose inter-

ests should be considered as a whole, and there might be an end, once for all, to the long reign of anarchy and blood? "How foolish! how inconsistent!" exclaimed the whole chorus of Philistines and Rule-Britannia politicians. The folly and inconsistency were their own. The patriotism of Garibaldi is of that true kind which, as we have seen, is altogether distinct from nationalism. He fought to deliver his country, not from Austrians, but from Austrian despotism, as he would fight against any evil, internal or external, which afflicted her. But if (to suppose a case) Austrians and Italians, availing themselves of increased means of intercourse with each other, and overcoming the prejudices of race and the difficulties of language, should after a time have agreed upon some federal alliance or some common form of government acceptable to the people of both countries, Cobden himself would not have been more overjoyed. Garibaldi would have fought and bled for freedom in America as freely as he fought and bled for her in Italy. For real patriotism is that which is free from any taint of egotism; sees in loss or injury to the country of other men loss or injury to its own; and would blush to accept benefits for a nation at the cost of the world at large.

It was the peculiar merit and the privilege of Cobden that he apprehended the truth here indicated, and made it the lodestar of his political career. But inasmuch as the time was not ripe for that full development of internationalism which consists in some form of political union, he saw that the work cut out for him in life was to prepare the way for it by habituating so far as might be possible the public mind to the idea, by removing obstacles to its progress, and by advocating and pushing forward every measure of legislation or policy which could tend to its realization. Foremost among such measures was the liberation of commerce; and the first and most formidable monster to be assailed by the champions of commercial liberty was the infamous English Corn Law. The attack upon a law which starved one country and impoverished the rest for the benefit of a few landlords was a task after Cobden's own heart; and he was supported and encouraged during the tremendous conflict by the feeling, little known to most of his coadjutors, that he was fighting, not for his own country only, but for all others; and that victory in the fight would be the first step towards the attainment of the grandest object of which a politician had ever dreamed

— to break down the barriers of a narrow nationalism, and blend into one great community the nations of the world. For he knew that free trade in corn was but the prelude to the freedom, at no very distant time, of commerce generally; he knew also that freedom of commerce generally meant a community of interests which would grapple nations to each other with hooks of steel, and an increase of personal intercourse between their citizens, — the sovereign remedy for that self-complacent nationalism which is the greatest obstacle to political association. It is certain that, of all expedients calculated to promote the object in view, there is none so efficacious as this last. A new railway, or an improved steamboat service on a dividing sea, or the abolition of adventitious official impediments to travellers, may be of more avail than all the speeches and writings of the most devoted philanthropist. For it must be obvious that there is a conceivable degree of social intercourse between nations of which some kind or degree of political association is the natural and necessary result. If, for instance, the communication between Englishmen and Frenchmen, instead of being limited, as it now is, to the yearly arrival of a hundred or two of the latter, sea-sick and miserable, in a grim and squalid locality, presided over by a hideously-mutilated statue, and which they imagine to be London; and to the yearly influx into Paris of a stream of British tourists, contemptuous, ill-mannered, and unintelligent, — that communication was in every respect as constant and easy as the intercourse between adjacent countries of England, it is impossible that the two countries could remain long disunited. Manners, language, currency, laws, would gradually assimilate; and the result, sooner or later, would be political union. Every step in this direction is a step of which the importance cannot be overrated. In proportion as the intercourse of the citizens of one state with those of another became more familiar, nationalism would decline; war, though it would at times be inevitable so long as nations are under perfectly distinct governments, would be more and more reluctantly entered upon; until at length the work would find its completion in political association, and all war, except civil war, be thenceforth at an end.

The blow which shattered the English Corn Law shook to its foundation the whole ingenious system by which, under the pleasant name of "protection to native industry," men had contrived to counteract

a singularly beneficent provision of nature having for its object their own material and social welfare; and the advantage thus gained was promptly followed up by the great soldier of peace and goodwill. The war of tariffs is responsible for the war of bullets and cold steel. Men think twice before they cut the throats of those who are perpetually engaged in filling their coffers. If the trade of this country with Russia had been as great as her trade with the United States, what chance would the "war-at-any-price party" have had in the dispute about the Russian War? If her trade with the United States had been as small as her trade with Russia, what would have been the probability that peace would have been preserved during half-a-century between the jealous and irascible parent and the undutiful and now gigantic son? But protection not only generates war by removing the inducement to peace which is afforded by identity of interest; it fosters and encourages that deeper and wider evil of which (as we have seen) war is one of the many calamitous results—the sharp division of mankind into distinct societies resolutely set against any approach to political communion. Protection, besides keeping nations poor, keeps them apart in sullen rivalry, and hostility worse, because more wide-spread and enduring, than that of the battle-field. The very fact that nations are habituated to consider it a duty to enrich themselves at the expense of other countries tends to exclude from their minds the idea of association, and to encourage that of self-seclusion; and the case is not altered by the circumstance that instead of enriching they are impoverishing themselves. Men will never look upon each other as members of one family, or yearn after that political association for want of which they suffer so bitterly, as long as they are taught to consider the gain of other countries to be the loss of their own, and are deprived of that inducement to communication with each other which commercial unity both directly and indirectly provides. The Commercial Treaty with France, forced as it were upon both countries by the strong will and earnest faith of one extraordinary man, was therefore (and he knew it) a magnificent stroke of work in the cause which he had at heart. It was moreover a success, in its very nature prolific of further successes. Already an arrangement similar in principle,—mainly through the unremitting exertions of one who, during the arduous struggle of which the prize was the Treaty with

France, stood at Cobden's right hand, caught his spirit, and realized the grandeur of his aims,—has been made between this country and Austria; foreign nations among themselves have begun to imitate the example; and one of the most obstinately defended strongholds of international exclusiveness and discord is in a fair way of being levelled with the ground.

Next to commercial monopoly, the most fatal enemy to internationalism was the pseudo-patriotic sentiment already noticed, and which Cobden accordingly attacked with uncompromising vigour and pertinacity. That one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen, and that in addressing himself to the task of proving it he was doing that which was pleasing rather than otherwise to the supernal powers, was the form which for a long time was taken by this sentiment in the illiterate British mind. With the secession of the French Revolutionary War into the background this impression has become less actively prevalent; but there is still a lurking conviction in the minds of a large number of persons in this country that to fight Frenchmen, and probably also Russians and Americans, is in itself a highly moral and laudable act. War is generally felt to be a calamity; but a calamity qualified by the consideration,—first, that there is a natural antagonism between Britons and foreigners, which is, as it were, part of the scheme of creation; and secondly, that it is more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that British interests, British fleets and armies, and British ideas should prevail, than those of any other nation. Thus it is very commonly, though most untruly, asserted, by very well-meaning and in other respects reasonable men, in defence of the war waged for twenty years by this country without a shadow of justification with France, that but for that war the power and influence of Great Britain among European states would have been very much less than they now are; from which argument it is to be inferred that, in the opinion of those who use it, any amount of injustice, slaughter, and suffering, would kick the beam if the interests of their own country were in the other scale. Until ideas such as these are totally and irrevocably eradicated, there is little hope for internationalism.

Another and most mischievous institution of the same class was the *Civis Romanus*. This personage, and the intolerable national arrogance on which he depends for existence, was the object of Cobden's most determined hostility. In China he took the

form of an adventurous skipper, mistaken, apparently not without some reason, by Chinese officials for a pirate; in Greece, that of a Spanish Jew, whose miserable squabble with the Government was settled by the conclusive if not logical argument of a British fleet; in Brazil, he was alternately a drunken midshipman, incarcerated for inebriety, and the owner or insurer of a British ship which the winds and waves, regardless of Roman citizenship, had cast upon an outlandish coast, and which was pounced upon by the nomad and semi-savage wreckers of the place, for whose misdeeds the Brazilian government, finding itself powerless to punish them, was magnanimously chastised, and threatened with further chastisement, for not having done so, by the government of a country twenty times as powerful as its own. Against this calamitous individual, the great Internationalist waged incessant war; nor were his efforts entirely unattended with success, if we are to judge by the fact that this particular enemy has of late considerably moderated his pretensions. The monstrous doctrine that a state has the right to require for any of its own subjects who choose to visit or reside in a foreign country treatment which is not in accordance with the laws or customs of that country, or an amount of legal protection which no native of that country ever dreams of obtaining, has recently shown somewhat less readiness to parade itself before the public view. The mental condition, however, in which it was generated unhappily survives, and should be resolutely opposed by all right-minded men.

Closely allied to nationalism and Roman civism, fighting by their side the battle of selfishness and barbarism against civilization and humanity, and as such assailed by Cobden with singular power though with but too little success, was the policy of "bloated armaments." That policy has been the fashion in this country ever since the war with Russia, which, finding its support in hobgoblin arguments and panic the most anile, appears to have bequeathed them as a lasting legacy to the nation. Scarcely had that useless and disastrous conflict ended, and the pocket of the British taxpayer begun to feel the better for the change, when the bugbear of French invasion for about the hundredth time cast its shadow over the land. It was promptly turned to account by that large class of persons who, actuated some by national vanity, called by themselves patriotic pride, others by less excusable motives, are the steady advocates of plethoric budgets; and the

consequence is that the national expenditure is at the present moment greater than it was before the Russian War by some fifteen millions, almost the whole of which goes to the account of the army, navy, and coast defences. The triumph of the old women has been complete. The preparation for war has been in the inverse ratio to the probability of it; for if there is one feature more indelibly stamped on contemporary history than another it is the deep anxiety shown by the present ruler of France, throughout his long and prosperous reign, to be on amicable terms with this country. In response to his advances, its taxation was at once placed and has ever since continued on a war footing, and a volunteer army was created, respecting which kind of force, however, there is this to be said, that so far as it is a defence at all, it is (like chivalry) a cheap defence of nations. But for the enormous and steadily maintained annual expenditure on the regular forces there is literally no excuse whatever. From the point of view of the narrowest expediency, it is a blunder of the grossest kind. For, unquestionably, to a country whose position, moral and physical, is that of Great Britain, the road to success in war lies in the maintenance during peace of an inexpensive nucleus of force, to be developed, when the necessity occurs, as only a free and energetic people, whose progress to commercial wealth has sustained little hindrance from the tax-gatherer, can develop it. But it was not on the ground of expediency that Cobden fought the battle of retrenchment. He fought it, while deeply feeling its importance in a national, chiefly from an international point of view. The curse of great standing armies is laid, not upon this or that nation only, but upon the whole civilized world; and it is the interest of humanity in general that demands its removal. "*Si vis pacem para bellum*" is the comfort which the authors of this calamity—presuming on the general incapacity to perceive that "*si vis bellum para bellum*" is much less questionably true—are in the habit of offering, with considerable success, to their deluded victims. The argument, however, which is most directly responsible for the vast preparations for war which nations in their ardent attachment to peace have thought fit to make is the argument that other nations are doing the same thing. Nation A arms itself to the teeth, and groans under a crushing burden of taxation, solely because nation B has done the same. Nation B, whose large armaments have very probably been raised for the repression of liberty among its own

subjects, perceiving this step on the part of A, accuses it of hostile designs, and increases its own armaments accordingly, which leads to a further increase in the same direction on the part of A. This arrangement, considered as an elaborate contrivance for maintaining peace, and the political dialectics of which it is the result, are extremely curious. If any one suggests, as Cobden suggested, that there is something inexpressibly foolish and puerile in all this; that, if reason has not deserted the world, some agreement ought to be come to for reciprocal disarmament; or that, in the event of this being found impracticable, then if there be a nation free, and therefore requiring no standing armies to prevent its being so,—insular, and therefore having, on the one hand, little direct interest in continental quarrels, and, on the other, provided by Nature herself with a peculiar and still formidable defence against hostile aggression—if there be a nation superior to all others in commercial wealth, and therefore able in case of emergency to develop a strength which would far more than counterbalance any insufficiency of preparation; that nation ought to be the first (for one of them must be the first) to quit the path of folly, and set the example of a return to conduct in some degree rational and dignified:—if any one ventures to make this suggestion he is forthwith consigned to the limbo of political enthusiasts, and no longer looked upon as a sane man in this country. Nor indeed, if the recent foreign policy of this country be considered, is it wonderful that such suggestions should appear to be madness by its side. To reject with a sneer every proposal for the prevention of war by mitigating in however imperfect a degree the anarchy of nations—to meet with a curt and insolent negative any suggestion for the adjustment by general agreement of difficulties which threaten universal war; to refuse to refer to arbitration an important question, admitted on all hands to be one of difficulty, in dispute with a great and kindred people, on the turgid and irrelevant plea that "Britain is the guardian of her own honour,"—is a course of conduct of which those who approve are consistent enough in treating common sense and right feeling as insane. To decline all interference in the affairs of foreign states, not for the sake of humanity, but of self-interest, and maintain at the same time an attitude of hostile expectation against the world—to incur a vast expenditure on the ground that it is required for the protection of the national existence and interests, which nobody threatens, and with

the result of providing an excuse for the adoption by foreign powers of a similar course; and so to endanger the general peace and add to the general misery;—is a policy to whose advocates internationalism may well appear to be the product of a disordered mind. But an insanity whose result is the direct opposite of such a policy is an insanity to be coveted by all reasonable men.

Representative reform was another subject which lay near to Cobden's heart; but this too he valued not only for itself, but for its connection with internationalism. Nationalistic egotism is a malady proper to despotic and oligarchic institutions. The moral code which makes selfishness and jealousy, if not dislike, of foreigners a part of the whole duty of nations is peculiar to the class which in most states monopolizes political power; the great majority of citizens are guiltless of its existence. John Bullism is not a democratic vice. The British Lion has a roar which is terrible chiefly among the upper classes, and aggravates his voice when he mixes in society less refined. The wars of civilization have been for the most part wars not of nations but of governments; for war is not only a game which kings would not play at if their subjects were wise, but a game at which they would very seldom play if their subjects were free. Into the causes of this phenomenon it is not necessary to inquire. It is probably due partly to the fact that large standing armies are a necessity of life to despotic institutions, and that large standing armies are employed, partly to the natural and jealous exclusivism of governing classes, and partly to the affinity and sympathy of all liberal ideas. What is certain is, that for the complete realization of internationalism in its ultimate result, political association, it is requisite that nations in general should possess a very large measure of real political liberty; and that according to the degree in which they possess it they will be capable of appreciating the advantages of such association, and of comprehending and avoiding the evils incidental to its absence. Complete political liberty once established in the world, some form of international federation would be the natural result. Nationalism, the offspring of class interests and monopolized power, would gradually disappear; armaments maintained for the repression of freedom would no longer afford incessant provocation and occasion for war; and men would begin to ask themselves in wonder on what possible ground of reason or self-

interest they had been for centuries the enemies and rivals of their fellow-men.

It is the duty of those to whom the memory of Richard Cobden is the memory of a greatness, not only beyond question and almost beyond rivalry, but of a wholly original kind,—a greatness which, while it filled a vast chasm in political philosophy, was rich in a new promise and possibilities hitherto unimagined for the happiness of mankind, and which, at the same time, neither was nor is generally appreciated or understood,—to see that his name appears in history not under the light of a fictitious and commonplace distinction, but in its own peculiar and enduring lustre, and takes its appropriate place in the hearts and in the minds of men. It is well that political societies should be founded in his name; it is better that they should accurately represent his character, and carry forward with faithfulness and discrimination the work which he begun. There is fear lest the most precious political truth that has been taught in the world should be lost to it for ever—buried once for all in the grave at Midhurst. It is not the advocacy of liberal principles more or less "advanced" which entitles a man to be considered a disciple of Cobden. "Peace, retrenchment, and reform," is, it is true (or rather was), the motto of the Liberal party, and commercial freedom is inscribed on its banners; but those who claim to follow such a leader must not be content to rest in these things as final—must see beyond and in part resulting from these things a new policy and a happier age—must believe, as he believed, that it is no idle dream, no vain chimera of the poet or the enthusiast, but a rational and a practical proposition, that men may be brought no longer to look upon difference of race, creed, and climate as a necessary obstacle to political unity. Whoever among them can write a line of telling English, or speak

one sentence worth listening to upon a platform, should take this for his theme. On the one hand, to familiarize the idea in the minds of men; on the other, by every expedient of scientific enterprise, legislative improvement, or private effort, to promote identity of interests and facilitate personal intercourse between the citizens of different states, are the two great objects to be kept in view. Above all, let the lovers of freedom remember that there is a tyranny more fatal than any which they oppose—the despotism of words. Calling names is the weapon of ignorance and folly, wielded with deadly effect, in the battle against truth. Assail a really humane and sensible project, however startling to prejudice, with the most subtle argument enforced by the most consummate eloquence, and it will resist; call it "humanitarian," and it will succumb. Reason ever so long against a scheme fraught with important advantage to the world, and you may reason in vain;—call it "visionary," and (if only it has novelty sufficient to give colour to the charge) the most thoughtful men will desert its cause. In the present case there is the same danger. It may be "visionary" to imagine that a change which is opposed to inveterate prejudice and time-encrusted tradition will be other than gradual and remote. It is not visionary to suppose that, in spite of prejudice and tradition, the way may be prepared for the advent of reason and humanity; it is not visionary to believe that separation into distinct and isolated communities, with no objects but those of self-interest and no relations but those of rivalry and hostility, is not the normal condition of the civilized world; and that in the crusade which Cobden preached, not to rescue holy sepulchres from sceptical custody, but the hearts of men from the dominion of selfishness, envy, hatred, and cruelty, there is real hope for the human race.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE OXFORD REPORTS ON UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.*

It was clearly time that the universities, and especially Oxford, should take in hand the subject of extension. The increase in the demand for a higher education, and for the degrees which are the certificates of such an education, has since the great influx of commercial and manufacturing wealth been very great. The returns of the income-tax, the rise of suburbs inhabited by the wealthy round the great towns, the lists of the liberal professions in their higher and lower grades, all alike attest the rapid growth of a class possessing comparative wealth and leisure. But the means of the higher education have not been multiplied at all in proportion. The number of undergraduates who can be accommodated at Oxford is still only about fifteen hundred. New buildings have been recently added to five or six colleges; but the additional accommodation thus provided probably does not much exceed a hundred and fifty sets of rooms. Applications for admission at the better colleges are being constantly refused.

At Cambridge, where the undergraduate is not obliged, as at Oxford, to live in college, the accommodation is more elastic; and the increase in the number of undergraduates has been greater. But even the number of lodging-houses is limited, and, what is more to the purpose, a college hall and chapel will not hold, nor can a college staff teach and govern, more than a certain number. At Trinity, they are already obliged to have two dinners in hall every day, and the chapel is crowded to excess.

But putting out of sight the mere deficiency of accommodation, there is a large class, opulent enough to wish for the higher education for their children, yet not rich enough to afford the expense of a three or four years' residence at Oxford or Cambridge under the present conditions, and still less perhaps the loss of time and the complete estrangement from the practical pursuits of life which such a residence involves. For this class the mere increase of the accommodation at Oxford or Cambridge would not suffice. They require something, if possible, cheaper; requiring less sacrifice of time, and entailing less risk. The last consideration is strongly impressed upon the minds of parents in narrow circumstances by the revelations of systematic idleness and

extravagant luxury prevailing, perhaps almost inevitably prevailing, in Oxford and Cambridge society, where the fashion is set by the rich. It seems that among those who, though they desire a university education, cannot afford to seek it at Oxford or Cambridge, is to be reckoned a large and increasing portion of the clergy. The number of ordinations from the universities has greatly fallen off, though so many new parishes have been formed, while the number of literates ordained has largely increased, and in fact now almost equals the number of ordinations from Oxford.

There is another equally cogent motive for practically considering the subject of university extension—the duty, we may say the necessity, of increasing the usefulness of the endowments. The aggregate revenues of the colleges of Oxford cannot fall far short of 200,000*l.* a year; and, when the present improved system of management has produced its full effect, they will certainly exceed that sum. It came out the other day in a debate in Convocation that the revenues of the university, including all its trusts, was nearly 100,000*l.* Making all due allowance for the fact that the university is a place of learning as well as a place of education, and that a part of the income must be taken to be devoted to the purposes of learning, we must still say that such endowments ought to yield more abundant fruits than the education of fifteen hundred students, each of whom, on the average, spends about two hundred a year of his own besides.

A voluntary committee has been formed among the heads, tutors, and professors at Oxford, to consider the subject. This committee has divided itself into sub-committees for the consideration of the several plans, and the collected reports of these sub-committees are now before us, the whole being published by the general committee, though each sub-committee is separately responsible for its own report.

The plans were:—

1. Keble College. We cannot give the scheme a name more descriptive of its real nature and object than that which, since the idea of making it a memorial to the author of the "Christian Year" was started, it has assumed. Keble College would have at once an economical and a religious character, and would be mainly a training class for the poorer class of candidates for holy orders—those who are now ordained as literates. Much has been said for and against the plan; but all must allow that, tried with private funds, it is a fair experi-

* "Oxford University Extension Reports; or, Six Plans." London: Macmillan and Co. 1886.

ment. Whether its promoters will be able to avoid the evils of seclusion while they secure the advantages of a special rate of living; whether they will be able to maintain an intellectual standard equal to that of the other colleges; whether they will be able to make the college economical without stamping its inmates with the mark of pauperism,—the event alone can show. The public can only be gainers by the trial, and it may be reasonably hoped that some economical improvements will be devised which may be adopted at the other colleges. But it is plain that this plan—though, from the early publication of the report embodying it, it has been generally taken to be the only one produced by the committee—is, as a measure of university extension, the least important of the whole set, since the number of students which could thus be added to the university is reckoned by the promoters as no more than a hundred; and, in the present state of the subscription, half that number would probably be a high estimate.

2. The adaptation of the existing colleges to the use of poor students, either by establishing in connection with each college a sort of hall for ten poor students, the inmates of which are to have their meals in their hall, but to attend the college lectures; or, by founding a number of exhibitions for poor men in each college. The framers of this scheme are evidently anxious to give the colleges again something of the eleemosynary character which they had in the Middle Ages, when each founder thought that he might combine the objects of an almshouse, as well as those of a charity, with the objects of an intellectual institution. Nobody would wish to throw cold water on any effort to assist poor men of merit; but it must be borne in mind that the class now knocking for admission to places of liberal education are not objects of charity; they are people well-to-do, though not rich enough to afford the present expenses of Oxford life. And what they ask for is not alms, but good instruction at a cost suited to their means.

3. Permission to students to live in lodgings either with or without connection with a college. This plan goes beyond the practice of Cambridge, where students, though allowed to live in lodgings, must be connected with a college. It is proposed, however, that these university students shall be placed under the authority of a university board; and that they shall have, as their academic guardians, university tutors. For instruction they are to go to the university professors, and when they need it to pay lec-

turers for themselves. The usual objections urged against allowing men to live in lodgings are met by reference to the experience of Cambridge and other universities.

4. Simply to reduce the period of necessary residence in college from twelve to eight terms.

5. All the foregoing plans contemplate the increase of accommodation at Oxford. But another sub-committee has ventured further, and proposed to affiliate colleges in other places so as to extend the action of the university beyond its local precincts. The main conditions under which it is recommended that colleges should be affiliated are, that they should be chartered, that they should allow the university to be represented in their governing bodies, and that they should be places of adult education, carrying classical and mathematical instruction up to a university point. It is proposed that residence in such colleges should be reckoned as residence at Oxford for about two years, after which the student is to come up and finish his course at Oxford. The division coincides with that of the Oxford course into the purely classical and mathematical part terminated by "Moderations," and the part which tends to become more or less preliminary to professions, and at the same time, though more roughly, with the respective provinces of the tutor and the professor. The students in the affiliated colleges are to pass the same examinations as those resident at Oxford, so that the standard will remain the same: King's College, and Owen's College, Manchester, are examples of institutions which would be likely to take advantage of the plan. Perhaps even Durham might find it better to be affiliated to Oxford or Cambridge, or both, than to languish by itself. The plan points to an extension, not only of the numbers, but of the functions of the universities—to making them not only great final schools for the rich, but the national centres and supervisors of liberal education. It retains, however, a close connection between the student and the university, not only in the way of control, but of actual residence, though for a reduced period; differing herein from the system of the University of London, which has now abolished the privileges even of its affiliated colleges, and become merely an examining board granting degrees to all comers.

We have given a brief account of a movement most important to education without attempting to comment minutely on any of the plans. It is evident that English education is about to be re-organ-

ized, and that its re-organization will be one of the cardinal questions of the immediate future. The rulers of the universities will be called upon to take a leading part in the process; and it is satisfactory to see that deliberation has begun.

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A VISIT TO UPPER EGYPT IN THE HOT SEASON.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

A WHOLE preface of delays, unavoidable in any part of the Eastern East, most unavoidable in Egypt, is at last exhausted, and I am on board his Royal Highness the Viceroy of Egypt's Nile steamer, the *Sey'yideeyah*, with — Beg for companion. He is commissioner for the Egyptian, I for the British and American Governments; we are on our way to examine the complaints brought by a Gerent of the Powers. I have the honour to represent against an official of the former rule. Of the voyage I must say nothing, for want of space, till such time as our steam was let off under the walls of Luxor.

Spite of business, spite of Khamseen winds, and a more than Indian heat, we managed during the days we passed here to visit all the wide-spread wonders of this most ancient capital. In some respects, it fell short of, in others much exceeded, my expectations. To give a clearer view of so extensive a field, let me put in one visit made at different times, and group interrupted fragments into a united whole.

Anchored close under a sandy bank of nearly thirty feet high, nothing of Luxor and the east was visible to us from the deck of our steamer where she lay. To the west the view was indeed open; fields and plain for some miles, with the lofty rock of Korna, whence the name of a large village close underneath, towering beyond; but the ruins themselves were shut out from sight by the low water-level.

We scrambled up the eastern bank as best we might. Landing-places in the European sense of the term are unknown in Egypt, save where the Viceroy himself occasionally disembarks. Thebes is hardly likely to attract him; there are no factories or Frankfurt money-lenders here. Once arrived at the top, Luxor, with its monuments, stood before us, only a few yards distant. Their castle-like appearance has given

the place its Arab name of El-Aksor, or "the Castles," abbreviated into Luxor by European pronunciation.

A huge temple — for such it seems to have been — has left a series of ruins to form a kind of backbone to half the modern hovel-built village, much as the skeleton of an elephant might be over-crust with ant-hills. Right opposite where we had landed, were some fourteen immense columns, with huge umbrella-like capitals, the whole surmounted by an architrave of proportionate blocks of stone; half buried in sand, these pillars are still about thirty feet high; mud cottages of the modern "lesser man" nestle between their shafts. The capitals still bear traces of painting; the shafts are smooth, and of that rich yellow-tinted stone which harmonizes so well with Egyptian light and sky. Further on to the south are four ranges, more or less shivered, of smaller but more graceful pillars; they belong to that early style in which alone, amid the monuments of Egypt, the mind is gratified by an idea of beauty. The entablature of each column is nearly square; below this is a lotus-bud capital inverted, then a smooth shaft; further down a ribbed under-shaft, resembling many stems coalesced into one. Here, too, the mud walls of modern denizens have filled up most of the intervening spaces. Still further to the south are the remains of large chambers, with walls of Cyclopean architecture, seemingly only a sanctuary and inner apartments, perhaps for the priests; above, and among these, stands a straggling brick house, once tenanted by a French Vice-consul, now the residence of Lady Duff-Gordon. Its courtyard is full of statues collected and brought hither; some, in hard granite, rose or black, are remarkable for the polish of their execution — dog and cat-headed figures, or sleepy human forms. It is a pity that they are not conveyed to the museum for which they have been long destined.

Returning to the north, a space equal about to that which we have just traversed is crowded with small peasant buildings, mounds of decomposed brick, a mosque, an Arab school, and other like constructions, all containing, and in great measure concealing, stone walls, pillars, hieroglyphics, and even entire rooms belonging to the old building. To make out fully and understand its plan, half a village would have to be cleared away. But on an open piece of ground in front rise the two thick and slanting piles of masonry that form the Propylæum; the main entrance lies between them. At a little distance is the one re-

maining decorative obelisk; the other adorns the "Place de Concorde" at Paris. Right before the Propylæum three gigantic statues, breast-deep in sand and village dust, with faces brutally mutilated, still keep watch; their fourth brother has disappeared.

Such are the principal ruins of Luxor, in proportion and style one of the most favourable specimens left us by old Egypt. But it is also one of those in most imminent danger of total destruction, for the Nile, whose strange vagaries are here absolutely uncontrolled, is daily and hourly eating away the eastern bank, on which it stands. Its date and history are well known; they reach back to the faded glories, if glories, of the past. But even now its colonnades, its massive walls, its pyramidal Propylæum and lonely obelisk, standing out all black above the Nile shore against the shining morning sky, or reddened into fire by the western sun, have a strange dead beauty, belonging not to other ages only, but almost to another world.

From Luxor to Karnak our cavalcade — for we are all on horseback, leaving donkeys to Cofts, effendis, and travellers — leads a short mile northwards through fields and stunted vegetation, for the ground is too high to be fully reached by the vivifying waters of the Nile, that only life of Egypt. Now we are close under the most colossal structures of man's world, the Pyramids themselves scarcely excepted. Let us approach them in succession. First to the south, and leaving just on one side the hovels of the modern half Bedouin village, we traverse a thick-set avenue of Sphinxes; each holds a small human figure between its mutilated fore-paws; monster and man are all alike decapitated. Passing these we come on the southern portal, a structure full seventy feet in height, and belonging to the tasteless reigns of the Ptolemies, when all idea of beauty and effect had long since been lost, and that of size alone remained. Like most buildings, early or late, it is covered with huge insculptured figures of kings and gods, gods and kings, besides smaller hieroglyphics *ad infinitum*; every face has been carefully erased. Of the outer wall, connecting this gate with the others, little is left; but what still remains consists of huge stone blocks, without clamps, cement, or other adjunct of stability than their own weight.

At some distance further on, and within what once was an enclosure, stands the first temple, its courts and chambers on the one unvarying plan, common to all such structures in uninventive Egypt; its sculptures

indicate various gods, kings too, amongst whom the ever-recurring Rameses, First, Second, or Third, is conspicuous; by good fortune one of Rameses II.'s best bas-relief portraits, a delicate feminine-seeming face, has remained unscathed. The style of building, earlier in date than the portal, is massive, but not graceful.

But the wonder of Karnak is the so-called Palace — it may have been as well a tribunal-hall, or some kind of forum — next beyond. The entrance, looking west, is between gigantic wedge-shaped walls of solid masonry, each even now, when half-buried in Nile deposit, some forty to fifty feet above the ground level. Their thickness is truly enormous; on one side of the inner entrance the *savants* of the French republican armies have carved, high up, names, dates, and astronomical observations; a slight intellectual scratch on the old features of brute strength. Hence we come on a vast open court, traversed by a double range of proportionate columns, most broken; shivered statues, granite hewn, guard the second gate, whence we enter the wondrous hall, a forest of huge pillars, for an approximate idea of which I must refer to pictures, photographs, and, but in second rank, *ex-professo* descriptions; yet, after all, it must be seen to be rightly understood. Once this hall was roofed in, and several of its stone rafters still lie athwart, connecting the cumbrous capitals; the centre and wider passage boasted a second or upper story, and must have attained full a hundred feet in height, from floor to floor. Walls and pillars are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, some of tolerably good detail; but their general effect is detrimental, because without order or arrangement. Each succeeding monarch or high priest cut his emblem or likeness, his dog or hawk-headed god, as fancy took him; some even carved theirs over the work of their predecessors, like ill-bred travellers, scratching names and common-places on an edifice, or advertising placards, over-plastering each other on a wall. Every outline, every stone, every sculpture bears witness to huge despotic power, superstition, and bad taste. The one redeeming feature is the idea of strength — never, perhaps, carried further by man, — and of its accompanying quality, abidance.

Beyond the hall, and continuous with the great central avenue, which traverses it from west to east, we came on a chaos of ruins, tumbled blocks, and fragments of statues, from amid which emerge, fresh and upright as on their first day, two noble granite

obelisks; the loftier, indeed the loftiest monolith in the world, measures, base and all, some ninety feet in height. A strange contrast, close by its foot, lies the wreck of a colossal effigy of similar material; its destruction, a work of labour and time, was doubtless occasioned by its human form. These, and their duplicates now gone — for obelisks and everything else in the Palace seem to have been symmetrically double — formed the centre-piece of the great edifice. Follows to the east a waste of walls and columns; among them, and better preserved than the rest, is a small nor inelegant temple, once desecrated into a Coptic church, and where uncouth saints are daubed over, and half conceal uncouth gods; further on stand some pseudo-caryatid pillars: such are not uncommon in Egyptian architecture. Lost and alone, for the side-walls have fallen into heaps, a gigantic gate, the eastern, marks the outer circuit; through and on either side of its span, glitters on a fair extent of fields and villages, tall palms, and tufted acacias; and far off the jagged mountain range that hides from view Koseyr and the Red Sea. Three almost similar peaks, in close conjunction, merited of old a dedication to the Egyptian Trinity, or quasi-Trinity, in whose honour it still retains the name of Thot.

Within the ruins of Karnak are many objects of great, but of antiquarian, rather than of artistic, interest. Yet, even this latter is claimed by the portrait, for such it is, of Cleopatra; her full-lipped voluptuous face may be seen any day reproduced among the famous dancing-girls and prostitutes of Upper Egypt. Around one of the inner courts also bas-relief sculpture images, not unsuccessfully, fruits, flowers, plants, birds, and beasts. Amid these last, a bull with three horns, doubtless a very sacred personage in his day, makes a conspicuous figure. But, after all, the great wonder of Karnak is Karnak itself, taken as a whole. Rightly to appreciate it one should climb — I did so — on one of its lofty though ruinous walls, and look down and around on its wilderness of columns, standing, leaning, or prostrate, on its shattered masonry in huge riven masses, its dark vaults, lofty gates, and Propylæa, its still towering obelisks, and vast extent of ruin. The sight reminded me most of some views of old Yucatan; only this is on a larger scale. Egyptian antiquity differs, too, from Mexican in the total absence of vegetation, whether independent or parasitic, amongst its stones; no creepers, no ivy, not so much

as a moss or lichen, stains dry bones of the dead past.

We will now return to Luxor and the steamer, take the jolly-boat, and cross the river. Long before we reach the western bank, our boat sticks fast in the mud, and the soldier-sailor crew have to carry us on shore as best they may; we reach thus a low shelving beach, lately left dry by the diminished stream, and planted with melons. We mount our horses, cross what is at high-Nile a large island, and redescend to traverse the waterless bed of a second branch of the river. Here a large bull buffalo charges our party full tilt; then bounds away, tossing his ugly head, as my negro gallops fiercely against him, and gives him the contents of a double-barrelled fowling-piece, only loaded, I regret to say, with small shot. Half an hour's ride more to the north-west, through rich fields, mostly unreaped for want of hands — the Viceroy best knows where they are — and we reach a grove of itihel, my old Arab friend, but here called athel. Through its feathery branches we desery the façade of the Temple of Kornah, so called from the neighbouring village, itself named after the mountain under which it stands. Kornah means "horn," a word expressive of the bold and precipitous character of the mountain itself. The temple resembles in style that of Luxor, but surpasses it in elegance of proportion, with something of Doric simplicity; it seemed to me the most favourable specimen left us by the builders of ancient Egypt. It belongs to the earlier dynasties.

We could now see far off in the plain on our left, and against the yellow mountain-side, the dark outlines of Medinat-Haboo, of the Ramesæum, of Deyr and its vaults, and the great twin statues of Greek-named Memnon. But behind the mountain of Kornah, at a distance of three miles, or rather more, lie the famous "Abwâb-el-Molook," — literally, "Gates of the Kings," and, in fact, their tombs. Now, in the burning April of Upper Egypt, it was a point of some importance for us to visit this spot, the most distant of all, and to return thence, before noon-day, the more so that the road thither lies amid bare rocks which reflect the sun's ray's like a reverberating furnace. Remounting — for I had alighted to sketch the temple, and my companions to rest — we turned our horses' heads towards the western mountain, and soon entered on the winding gorge.

This valley, or rather cleft, is indeed natural in the main, but art has done much

to render it what it now is; projecting rocks have been cut away, the slope has been levelled, and in some places the entire face of the mountain shaved off,—partly, it would seem, for appearance' sake, partly to widen the passage. This was of old time a fashionable promenade for the inhabitants of the neighbouring capital, a favourite lounge or drive when some anniversary took them to visit the cemetery, or when their own innate and superstitious gloom made the tombs their customary resort. Now solitude and lifelessness, silence, and the bare sterility of ages, better give the grandeur of death, familiarized into littleness by the obtrusive paraphernalia of the proto-Egyptian habits. Disguised by the flower-chaplet of the Greek, removed from sight by the funeral pyre of the Hindoo, the idea of death stands forth hideously prominent among the Egyptians, the pet object of their contemplation, in gaudy and repulsive evidence. But did not also the asceticism of Christianity, corner-stoned as it is on a death's head, originate among the Egyptian Antonies and Macarius, of the "Bitter Lakes," and the salt desert between Alexandria and Cairo?

These reflections were not, however, mine, at least in subjective apprehension, at the time of our then ride up the valley. On the contrary, a bright sun, a keen morning air, horseback, and the consciousness of being once more in the "khāla," or free desert, encouraged a more cheerful and healthful train of thought, of Arab, not of Egyptian vein. All I could have desired—and I did desire it much more than the visit of any Ramesseum or king's tomb—was to follow on the mountain passes through to the open space beyond, where four days tracked westerly conduct to the Great Oasis, seldom visited, and itself the portal to further and still less explored regions, Darfoor and Central Africa. The route is, I am assured, safe from any danger unless what tropical Nature herself occasions to the African traveller—the scarcity of water hereabouts ridding the wayfarer from the apprehension of Bedouins, while the black races further on, if unprovoked into hostility, are of all uncivilized men the least unfriendly to the stranger.

But for this, leisure and means were not, and, alas! still are not, mine; so, leaving the open road aside, we continued to thread the rock-avenue of "Abwāb-el-Molook," to where it terminates in a mountain-hewn *cul-de-sac*, the cemetery itself. Piles of rubbish, the token of recent excavation, and the degradations of time, have rendered the

original rock-disposition of the space round which the tombs are hewn but half-discernible. It is a wide amphitheatre, formed by a depression in the mountain, partly natural, partly artificial. One after another small square entrances appear in the rock; each leads down to inner chambers hewn out to a great distance, where the dead once reposed:—once: for Persian conqueror, Greek colonist, Coptic bigot, Arab fanatic or spoiler, and European antiquarian, have left but few undisturbed tenants—a sad result of so much pains to remain in hidden quiet.

The tomb of Rameses II. is a fair sample of what one meets with, more or less, in all the rest. A square-hewn passage of ten or twelve feet each way, gradually descending into the mountain; on either side small apartments communicating with the central gallery; then a large hall, or divan, supported on pillars; after this a second and more rapid descent, another hall, more apartments, and passages, blocked up at the further end. The walls are everywhere painted with emblems, and in them consists the chief interest in the place. These paintings have, with scarce an exception, reference to one of three things—namely, either the land of Egypt itself, its river and produce; or the Divine protection afforded to its kings and rulers; or to the state of souls after death. These three topics are handled in illustrations which bear in every line, every shape, the impress of those corresponding principles—serfdom, divine right, and superstition. The cowed attitudes of the labourers, their groupage in bands, each presided over by an official twice the ordinary human size—as in some mediæval paintings—their very uniformity of dress and feature, all indicate, if not slavery, at least forced labour and servile dependence. Meanwhile the kings, huge in stature and portrayed in the most gorgeous colours, are never without some equally gay and monstrous divinity at their side; while a caressing attitude, and an outstretched hand, imply patronage, while yet admitting a certain fraternity of relation between the king and the god. Louis XIV. or James I. might have directed the artist of such groups, and perhaps rewarded.

But the most frequent topic here is "that undiscovered country,"—no undiscovered country, however, to Egyptian imagination. The God of Justice presides, the soul is presented, weighed in scales which Michael borrowed in after-times; then received into Elysian seats and divine society, or transformed into a swine, and handed over to

tormentors, orthodox devils with hooks and crooks, and ministers of the wrath to come. Even the descent of the corpse into the tomb, painted along the sides of the very gallery by which it actually passed, is opposed by black serpents and wicked things: death-bed terrors anticipative of a final, though, for a king, doubtless a favourable judgment. Further analogies with the dogmatic accessories of Christianity are readily traceable; nor is it, perhaps, unworthy of notice, that the conventional sign of divine and regal power—the two are synonymous in the Egyptian, as in the Stuart school—is everywhere a cross.

The colours are generally fresh, and in their shades and combinations alone does good taste find a refuge. In these tombs, and among other relics of old Thebes, I saw the traces of those famous mutilations which have occasioned so violent an outcry against the Prussian Professor Lepsius and his associates. An unjust outcry; for the occasional removal of a piece of painting or sculpture for transfer to the Berlin Museum is a proceeding blamed by no nation where their own museums or professors are concerned. And if, in course of the removal, more damage has chanced than might seem in exact proportion with the object attained, we in particular should not forget to look at home, and at the Elgin Marbles. The forgery of new hieroglyphics and inscriptions is a much more serious charge, and one from which the Doctor has never, I fear, obtained a satisfactory acquittal.

Emerging from sepulchral gloom into the universal glare of the mid-day sun on white rocks, we rode back by the way on which we had come, and then turning to the right kept under the immediate slope of the mountain, between it and the Nile-plain, passed the hovels of modern Kornah and countless excavations in the rocks above, till we reached the Ramesseum where it stands near the cliff, and with about two miles of level between it and the river. Luxor is almost exactly opposite, on the east; and the two seated colossi, well known to fame and photographers, are on a line between.

This Ramesseum, or rather what remains of it—for it is a mere fragment—is a temple commemorative, it would seem, of great victories achieved by Egyptian arms in Palestine and Syrian. It faces the east, and is still guarded by its solid and slanting Propylæum, much of which is fallen into mountain heaps, but more is yet standing. Westward some fifty yards begins the tem-

ple, its portico supported on pillars of Egyptian ungracefulness, their bad taste yet further enhanced by heavy caryatides stuck on, so to speak, to their outer side. On the wall of the portico is scratched, I cannot say sculptured, Rameses himself, colossal in a colossal war-chariot, a colossal bow in his hand; before him, figure over figure in a defiance of perspective that a Chinese might envy, are his victorious troops and their conquered enemies, the latter tumbled head-over heels, some into what is meant to represent water, some under the horses' hoofs. On either side, chariots are the order of the day; one only Syrian figure is mounted on horseback. The temple stands just beyond; its sculptures are a shade better than those of the portico: one elaborate bas-relief, in which a god feeds Rameses from the tree of immortality, displays a design and execution worthy a better idea. All the numerous portraits of Rameses give the same handsome and beardless youth, with features almost feminine, and much more delicate than the average Egyptian cast, whether old or modern, I have indeed often seen analogous faces among the Berbers,—that curious race, now denizens of the Nile Valley between Upper Egypt and Nubia Proper, dissimilar both from Coft and from negro in lineaments as in character; men of some stamp, harsh and proud, narrow-minded but firm, disagreeable customers to my mind, but from whom rulers might spring—rulers at least of whom the Hanoverian dynasty may afford the lowest, as a Rameses or a Sesostris the highest type; barren kings, good for conquerors and taskmasters, useless to all else. Right in front of the temple, amid fragments of its lesser black-porphry brethren, lies the wreck of that unparalleled granite colossus, once Rameses, now a well-nigh shapeless mass. I measured its mutilated toes: they were five feet and a half across; judge, then, of the entire statue; and this, throne and all, of one sole block, polished too. How the man who caused it to be put up in his honour lived long enough to have this monster effigy of his hewn out of the iron quarries of Assouan, brought hither, carved, perfected, furbished, and set up, is a strange problem. Scarce less a problem is it who can have thrown it down, who broken it up; a thousand steam sledge-hammers would seem insufficient to the task. Thus it lies, retaining just shape enough to show what it was, and, where man's spite has spared it, perfect in finish as thousands of years ago; the ground far away is strewn with its boulder fragments.

We sat under the black shadows of the portico — Egyptian shadows, like Egyptian nights, are very dark, possibly from the density of the valley atmosphere, perpetually saturated with Nile exhalations, — and made our noonday meal, Arab fashion. I leave my companions to talk or sleep, and roam for two good hours of intense sun among the ruins, sketching and earning melancholy thoughts and a bad headache. At last day declines westward, and we remount to visit the remaining great group of ruins, known by the name of "Medinat-Haboo."

This lies at no great distance from the Ramesseum southwards, but almost hidden from view by ugly black masses of earth and mouldering brick, belonging to the modern village, itself now mere ruins, ever since Mohammed-Alee destroyed it and scattered its robber-inhabitants. A long curved ridge in the plain further down towards the river marks the site of the ancient hippodrome; it has never been cleared out.

"Palace of the Ptolemies;" at least, often so called; but, in fact, Medinat-Haboo owes to the Ptolemies only some paltry additions — a miserable Propylæum and entrance, with some colonnades and chambers, where the heaviness of old Egyptian architecture is combined with the meanness of a sham; Regent's Park, though of an earlier date, and on Egyptian, not on Greek model. And here, no less than there, imitation gives the weakness, not the success, of what it would represent. Follow old Cyclopean courts, chambers, pillars, and statues; everything of exaggerated solidity, and affording much for amazement, little for admiration. The sculptures engraved on the walls are especially curious. Amongst these a lion-hunt reminds one of similar representations at Nineveh; the lions are very fierce, and the Nimrodian monarch transfixes them with arrows at the unsportsman-like distance of a yard or so: then comes a complicated sea-fight, in which the ships are the only intelligible indication that the affair is not on dry land. Much more remains to be dug out at Medinat-Haboo, and probably will so remain under the unintelligent system of its present selfish rulers, and the jealous monopoly of directors, such as Mariette Beg and his fellows.

Last we visited the double statue of Rameses, miscalled Memnon; they belong to the great central avenue which once traversed the capital from Luxor to the Ramesseum, due east to due west. Karnak must have formed the north-eastern angle, and the Medinat-Haboo the north-western: a diagonal line connecting them would pass

by the double colossus, which seems to have occupied the central point of the city. At the north-western angle, the Temple of Kornah marks where the road to the royal cemetery quitted the city and entered the mountains.

Luxor, Karnak, Kornah, Ramesseum, Medinat-Haboo, and the intervening ruins, all belong to one and the same huge city, the Thebes of Egypt. Within historical memory the site was yet one, not divided as now; for the Nile, instead of flowing west of Luxor and Karnak, thus separating one half of ancient Thebes from the other, followed a much more easterly course under the mountains on the Red Sea side, leaving the Libyan plain wide and unbroken. Indeed it is said to have adopted its present direction only two centuries since. Now ploughing up the mid-level, and wandering as at random among the ruins, it undermines some, slits up others, and will probably sweep not a few clean away — Luxor, for example. A few thousand years more, and Herodotus and the Ghizah Pyramids will probably alone remain to vindicate for Rameses and his brethren the eternity they sought to secure by so much labour and costly forethought.

The situation of Thebes, as the river formerly ran, was admirably adapted for a capital of that time; a noble plain, nowhere wider or richer in Upper Egypt, constantly refreshed by the free play of the winds from north, east, and west, closing in southwards only; while direct land communications lead on one side to Koseyr, that ancient harbour and deposit of Arab commerce, and on the other to the great oasis of the "Wah," once of Jupiter Ammon, and thence right to Central Africa: north and south passes the great liquid and ever-open road of the Nile. We should remember that in the days, those ancient days, when Thebes flourished, the staple trade of Egypt lay all with Africa and Arabia; at a much later date, Greek influence and the growing importance of the Mediterranean coast brought the capital down towards the Delta, and ultimately fixed it at Alexandria on the northern shore. But Greece only entered Egypt to degenerate, and to help Egypt to degenerate in turn; the best days of the Nile Valley were certainly the earliest.

We remained at Luxor above a fortnight, cross-examining witnesses, verifying documents, and the like. Hard work, and rendered still harder by the character of those with whom we had to deal — that most shuffling, servile, and unsatisfactory race, the "fellahs" of Egypt. True, they

have, in common with most Orientals, a certain superficiality of good qualities which renders their intercourse tolerable while "outside to outside," in Arab phrase,—that is, so long as no business is concerned, and within the mere interchange of social or conventional politeness. But no sooner does an interest enter, a hope, a fear, than adieu to all shadow of truth, fair-dealing, or manliness of any sort soever. Great, too, I regret to say, is their stupidity—not for nothing is the ass the archæo-typical animal of Egypt; in obstinacy, too, the "fellah" reminds me of the above-named quadruped, or surpasses. With such materials had we to labour from morning to night; happy when, out of an entire day's investigation, we had extracted, unwittingly or unwillingly, so far as our informants were concerned, a single grain of truth.

While at Luxor we celebrated—I say "we," incorporating myself with my Turkish steamer and companionship—the "Korban-Beyram," that great annual feast commemorative of Abraham's well-known offering; a celebrity which all over the Mahometan world images what is passing at Mecca at that very hour. It is the being present at Mecca and there joining in this festivity, called in Arabic "Eyd-ed-Doheyya," or "Feast of the Victims,"—better, "of the forenoon sacrifices"—that, in conjunction with its preceding vigil of "Wakfat-'Arafât," i. e. station of 'Arafât, confers on the visitant of the sacred city the authentic title of "Hajjee" or pilgrim. If he perform his Mecca-ward journey at other times of the year, it is no longer "Hajj," i. e. "pilgrimage," but simply "Zee'arah," or "visit."

In company with Lady Gordon I attended the feast, there to witness a scene very imposing when well gone through, which in this case it decidedly was not.

The worshippers were drawn up in long lines on an open plot of ground, where every Tuesday a fair used to be held, according to the custom generally adopted from Diar-Bekir to Yemen, by which each several village becomes, in weekly, monthly, or yearly rotation, the centre of traffic for a considerable circumference. Behind was the common cemetery, unrivalled, irregular, and shamefully neglected—this, too, a customary state of things in Egypt, where the fellahs are too brutalized in life to feel the indecency of dishonoured death, though indeed of superstition regarding their dead they have enough and to spare. Right in our faces glittered the morning sun; for the relative position of Luxor and

Mecca brings the Kiblah, or compass-point of prayer, for the former little south of due east.

We posted ourselves to the rear of the assembly,—for to take up position in front of them might put the congregation in danger of seeming to worship you instead of God, a serious mistake,—and waited like all else the arrival of the Hejjajees, a holy Luxor family, claiming descent from a certain village-saint surnamed the Hejjaj; his family name and date I have forgotten; indeed the entire individual, no less than his pedigree, seemed to my mind scarcely less apocryphal than St. Joachim and Anna. However, his tomb—not St. Joachim's, but the Hejjaj's—with the sempiternal cupola over it, adjoins the mosque, and to the saintly tenant prayers are made and vows offered just as to any local hamlet-patron, Greek or Catholic, and with about equal result. His progeny, real or supposed, occupy a very high place in Luxor veneration; from them Muftees, Khateebes, Imâms, Saints, &c., are selected at need; they take precedence in public solemnities, and, like all their class, receive presents. Now, "*il y a de la dignité à se faire attendre*,"—and our friends, well knowing that they were sure to be waited for, took care not to lose their privilege of coming late. At last a howling sort of chant, the identical tune which the old cow died of, and which does duty on all occasions, from a marriage to a funeral, announced their approach, Sheykh and all; they advanced procession-wise, bearing banners, red and green, embroidered with the eternal "*La Ilâh illa Allâh*," and took their place in the foremost ranks. One of them, the Khateeb of the day, occupied the mid van; and a canopy was extemporized for his dignity from the clustered banners lately borne before him. A large black stone, just retaining form enough to announce it the fragment of some old Egyptian king or god, became his pulpit; and on this, after previously shaking it to test its solidity, the Khateeb mounted, staff in hand, and began his say.

Now, in the discourse appropriate to the 'Eyd or feast, it is customary to arrange certain periods, each concluding with the well-known formula "*Allâho Akbar*," intoned in a sonorous voice: whereon the whole assembly, like one man, are to take up the burden, repeating in half chant, "*Allâho Akbar, Allâho Akbar, Allâho Akbar, w' la Ilâh illa Allâh; Allâho Akbar, Allâho Akbar, w' l'Ilâh el hamd*." This recitative, breaking out at frequent inter-

vals from a great multitude, is imposing in the extreme; I have heard it often in crowded mosques, and never without a thrill at the deep, united, concentrated fanaticism it implies. But here at Luxor the effect was exactly reversed, neither Khateeb, though a born saint, nor congregation, knowing how to go through it properly; only an irregular buzz was to be heard, without time or measure; while the words of the preacher and the responses of the people were alike drowned in the chattering, scolding, quarrelling, and screeching of the women and children, who, excluded by custom from direct participation in the public prayers, now grouped themselves around with utter contempt of stillness, reverence, or order; while the men were some too quick at their prayers and prostrations, others too slow: an Irish scene altogether. At last discourse and ceremonies came to the end which sun in our faces, dust in our eyes, and cackling in our ears had made us long since desire, and everybody jumped up, to wish the Sheykh many happy returns of the day, and to obtain his special benediction by kissing his hand. This manœuvre they executed with such vehemence as to undo his turban, discompose his robes, and still more his patience; till the holy man set about blessing them in right good earnest, but with his stick, and returned each kiss of devotion by a loving cudgel-thwack over the head. Not a whit did this proceeding shake their faith, however, or diminish their reverence:—country idols have on occasions like this the luck over town ones. A second conclusion to be drawn by my readers is, that wherever Wahabee doctrines and practices, or rather non-practices, may prevail, they are not to be sought for among the peasants of Upper Egypt.

The rest of the day passed in slaughtering the victims;—each family must offer one—and next in eating them. A Bedouin kind of fish, boiled meat and sopped bread, is first of all served up on this day; its cookery commemorates the habits of those who first founded this solemnity, the Arabs of Arabia, where boiling is the exclusive culinary preparation.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG SOUTH-WESTERN CATHEDRALS.

I AM sitting, quite alone, in a shabby comfortless little room, dimly lighted by two candles, not of wax. The room has a low ceiling: the walls are covered with a very ugly paper. The fire is small, and will not be made larger. The room is on the level of the street: and just outside, close at hand, there is a noise of loud and vulgar laughing. This is a little inn, in the chief street of a little town. I have had dinner: the meal was solitary. The dinner was extremely bad: and the hour at which it came plainly appeared to the landlord a very late one. I have written several letters, and dipped into a volume of dreary theology, the sole volume in the room. An hour must pass before one can well go to bed: for it is only nine o'clock. So let me begin a faithful record of events which happened in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night, early in this month of October.

At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields, to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than what I am used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound; and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling surrounded by a wall and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade; and it escapes by three sluices, on different sides of the large square space it encloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk, which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on, under an ancient archway: pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find your-

self in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire. The moated dwelling is the episcopal palace. There dwelt holy Bishop Ken: and there Dr. Kidder, who was found willing to take the place from which that good man was cast out, was killed by the falling upon him of a stack of chimneys.

Vainly should I seek to express the beauty of the scenery, or the magnificence of the Gothic churches, which I have seen in these last few days. There is no country in the world to travel in, after all, like England. And though this be the tenth of October, you might have forgotten, for days past, that it was not summer. Bright and warm has been the sunshine: thick and green the trees; though sometimes there is the crisp rustle which follows the foot stepping on fallen leaves. Yet somehow the quiet of a cathedral close is inconsistent with a solitary feeling of a little-travelled stranger: one ought to feel at home to duly be aware of the genius of the place. Far, to-night, is the writer from his home: and no doubt a little lonely in the strange place.

Let me look back on what I have seen this week: it has been a great deal to one accustomed to a quiet, unvaried life. Sunday is beyond question the first day of the week: what passed on that day need not be recorded. On Monday morning, in a thick white fog, I entered a little steamer at the landing-stage at Liverpool. The steamer carried many human beings to a place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, named Rock Ferry. There we embarked in another steamer: and went on, out into the river; till there loomed ahead a huge shape, quite familiar, though never seen before. It was the *Great Eastern*: and up its side did the writer go, following the steps of its captain, who has won a name in history. It made a Scotchman proud, to look at the brave, quiet, sensible Scotch face, which reminded one a good deal of the portraits of George Stephenson. Well has Sir James Anderson earned the honour done him by his Queen. It must have been an awful charge, that great vessel, with her crew of five hundred and fifty men, and her historic burden of the Atlantic cable. You felt, looking at the man, with what implicit confidence you could have trusted to him in any emergency or danger. With great kindness and clearness he explained the machinery for paying out and picking up the cable.

Id how on a very stormy night of

pitchy darkness, he stood at the extremity of the stern beside the wheel over which the cable was passing; but could not see it. Only a faint phosphorescent point of light, a long way off, showed where the cable was entering the water. He told, with the vividness of reality, of the tedious endeavours to pick up the cable of the former year from where it lay three miles down at the bottom of the Atlantic. At last, standing on the prow, he heard a stir below, looked over, saw the cable fairly there above water; 'and then,' said the gallant man in his quiet way, 'I was very thankful.' A thing to be wondered at was how the slender cord was able to turn all that complex apparatus of heavy wheels.

Good-bye to the *Great Eastern* and its brave commander; and away from Birkenhead, by railway, in the bright sunshiny day. Not long, and there is not unfamiliar Chester: on, and Wrexham, with its grand and massive church tower. How these things impress the lover of Gothic who dwells in a country of churches of inexpressible trumperiness and shabbiness! By Ruabon: leave on the right Llangollen, for Yarrow must remain unvisited to-day. Never were these eyes gladdened by the sight of a lovelier country. So to renowned Shrewsbury, on the famous Severn. Here let us stop for a little, and have a walk through the town. You pass from the railway station, under the shadow of an ancient castle; elevated a little, on the right, is a considerable Gothic edifice of red stone: if you ask what it is of the same man whom I asked, you will be told 'The College.' Then you may think of head master Butler, who was made a bishop, and of Dr. Kennedy, quite as good a scholar, the head master of to-day. Quaint old wooden houses: queer names of streets: one is called *Murivance*. Rapidly let the eyes be feasted: then back to the railway. On, for a journey of two hours more. You must pass Ludlow unwillingly in the failing light: one cannot see everything. Then, in the dark, Hereford is reached: the end of the day's pilgrimage. Proceed in an omnibus to the hotel: there you may have tea, accompanied by mutton chops. Afterwards you may go out and enjoy the sensation of being in a new city, among new men; and in the starlight look at the cathedral. Cats, however, are the only creatures who see an edifice, or any other object, best in the dark.

Next day was a lovely summer day: nothing autumnal in the air, and hardly anything in the trees. Let us be up early, and have a good walk about the city before the hour

of service. By the city flows the Wye, 'the babbling Wye.' From the bridge which crosses it you have a fine view of the cathedral and the palace: here and there, about the streets, antique houses of wood. At ten o'clock, let us pass into the cathedral, under the great porch leading to the nave: let us enter an undistinguished name in the large volume which lies on a table to that end; and, obeying the behests of the Dean and Chapter, drop into a box with a hole in the lid a great sum towards the complete restoration of the sacred building. And it is a noble church, nobly restored: at least in so far as that has been done by Mr. George Gilbert Scott. Wyatt, unutterable Vandal, put up that execrable western front in place of a western tower and spire which fell. The floor is of tiles: the roof of the nave is illuminated: there is a magnificent rood screen: the choir is sacred to the clergy and those who perform the service: the congregation sit on rush-seated chairs in the nave. Pleasant it was to the writer, who seldom hears choral service now, when those whom he had seen enter their vestry a few minutes before as shabby little boys, came to their places in procession as surpliced choristers: twelve of them, with six singing men, making the double choir complete. The congregation was small: one did not feel any want of a greater. The service was beautifully given: the music was severely simple: and how the noble praise thrilled through one to whom it can never grow common and cheap! Pleasant, too, to see the perfect propriety of demeanour among the choristers: it did not always use so to be in every cathedral church. There was an anthem, admirably sung. Let it be confessed, one thing revived the writer. Of another communion, because dwelling in another country and within the bounds of another national church, he felt, looking at the noble edifice and joining in the noble service, that for outward dignity and majesty, we in the North have nothing to compare with this; and he felt decidedly taken down and humbled. But in a little he was cheered. That morning there was a sermon. Oh, what a poor sermon! Yes, at least we can beat *this*, he thought: and beat it by uncounted degrees. A church which makes the sermon too much the great thing in the worship of God, is likely at all events to give you good sermons. And though the South may have its great preacher here and there, yet sure it is that the average preaching of the North, in many a seedy little country church, is just as much better than that brief but

unutterably tedious sermon at Hereford Cathedral, as Hereford Cathedral is better than the seedy little country church.

Walk all about the cathedral: all about the close. Deanery, palace, fine trees, Wye: grammar-school, pleasant walks by river side. Pervade the town: already it has grown quite familiar. And as day declines, depart by railway to Gloucester, distant little more than an hour; studying on the way the photographs of Hereford, city and cathedral, which you may buy at various shops.

Passing through the lovely English landscape, at last you may look out on the right: there is the city of Gloucester: there the great square tower of the cathedral. Hasten to the *Bell*: let the luggage be left; we are just in time for afternoon service. Again the train of choristers: here the music was much more florid than at Hereford, and (so it seemed) not so careful and good. The church is a noble one: the eastern window, which has a curious gray sheen, is as large as any in England. But after trim Hereford, the church had a neglected look. In some places, plaster has dropped from the roof; plaster which should never have been there. And after brilliant encaustic pavement, the rude floor of stone in choir and sanctuary looked poor. Led by an intelligent vergier, let us examine the great edifice: the strange, rude crypt: the beautiful cloisters. Let us ascend to the triforium, and enjoy the varied views of choir and nave thence obtained. Here is buried the murdered Edward II.: there is a shrine of the richest decorated tabernacle work: a recumbent statue of the poor monarch which must be a likeness: there is inexpressible pathos in that beautiful but sorrowful face. Coming forth from the cathedral, let us pervade the close. It is a quiet and charming place. The deanery, built up to the west end of the church, is striking: the palace, on the north side of the choir, seems an ambitious architectural failure. Beautiful is the turf and rich the shrubbery at the east end of the choir: quaint and pretty various ancient houses in which cathedral authorities and functionaries dwell. Passing out of the close towards the west, under an archway, you come on the statue of Bishop Hooper, erected on the spot where he was burnt.

Various shops in Gloucester are rich in photographs of cathedrals, near and distant. If you walk down towards the Severn, you will find yourself amid the bustle of a considerable port. Docks of no small size, and abundant shipping, form a scene in contrast

to the quiet one just left behind. But by half-past six it has grown dark: so to the *Bell*, and have dinner.

The next day was Wednesday: a beautiful warm sunshiny morning. Be early afoot: pervade the city: walk about the close. Never seen till yesterday, how familiar it looks to-day; and we sadly part from it as from an old friend. But we have far to go to-day; and at 11.15 A.M. again the railway train. An hour of rapid running, without a stop, through rich green fields: Berkeley Castle is off there to the right: and here is busy Bristol. The cathedral here is poor; but there is St. Mary Redcliffe, the most magnificent of all parish churches, superior to many cathedrals. Yet there is lacking the environing close: the grand church is surrounded by dirty streets. Here Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy,' spent the greater part of his feverish life; in a room in the tower he declared he found the Rowley manuscripts. To the train again; by Bath, Westbury (near which on a hill to the left is a large and quite symmetrical White Horse on the hill-side, made by cutting away the turf down to the chalk), and Witham. If you are fond of changing carriages, you may have enough of it here. At length, as the sun is declining in glory, you reach that paragon of cathedral cities in which I am writing: beautiful Wells.

I have little doubt that if one were to live at Wells for several months, and still more for several years, the quiet little city would come to look and to feel like anywhere else. But now, to a stranger, it is 'an unsubstantial, fairy place.' Hard by is the Vale of Avalon; and the ruins of Glastonbury: all round the Mendip Hills. And though England can boast of some bigger cathedrals, nowhere will you find one of more exquisite beauty. Nowhere, too, will you find the ancient cathedral seat so much like what it was in ancient days. I shall not be tempted into any architectural details: all I say is, Go and see the place, and you will be all but intoxicated with the loveliest forms of Gothic beauty.

Here I ceased for the night, in a sort of bewilderment. Next morning was a cloudy one, with flying gleams of sunshine. Long before service, let us enter the magnificent church and gaze at it. It is in exquisite preservation. The light colour of the stone of which the shafts are made adds to their airy grace. The four great piers at the intersection of the transepts threatened to yield under the pressure of the central tower; and their bearing power was increased by three curious inverted arches, the like

of which I believe you will not see in England. It was a graceful disguising of a defect: but of course they would be better away. The stalls in the choir are of stone: an unusual material, but the effect is beautiful.

It is near the hour of morning service; let us take our place. Carelessly the choir straggles in; never were arrangements more slovenly. The little boys come in, not in procession, but in a huddled heap: in a little, by himself, the clergyman who is to perform the service. Then the dean and the canon in residence come in a free and easy way: two or three of the singing men rush hastily after them: two singing men scuttle in after service has begun. It was a painful contrast: the noble church and the ostentatiously irreverent arrangements. The music was good, after the choir got themselves settled to their work. But if I were Dean of Wells, there should be a thorough turn-over, and that without a day's delay. Slovenly, slovenly!

Worship over, let us see every corner of the church; then climb a winding stair in a transept wall; walk along the stone roof of the transept, the lofty wooden one still far above your head. Climb, higher and higher, till you come out to daylight on the top of the great central tower. The first thing that will strike you is not the grand prospect: it is the rusty creaking of the four weather-cocks, one on each pinnacle: the sound is eerie. Look round. A richly-wooded green country, with undulating hills. To the west, the Vale of Avalon: that pyramidal hill is Glastonbury Tor, three miles off. Below, on the left hand, the cloisters: beyond, the palace, with its moat, and expanse of greensward. On the other side the deanery, and the vicar's close, with a bridge leading from it across the road into the cathedral. The country round seems to be all grass. One turret of the tower has a bell whereon a hammer strikes the hour, being pulled by a wire from below. The cloisters have perpendicular tracery. In the middle space there is an ancient yew. An amphitheatre of hills closes in all the scene. Oh! hard-working Scotland, where no one, except a few folk of political influence, is paid without toiling rigidly for it, when will you have such retreats for learning and religion, combined with very little to do?

I esteem Wells as the climax of my little journey, though I went next to Salisbury. I did not leave Wells till I had gone over the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, which is partially restored. Not completely, be-

cause the dissenters will not agree to a church-rate. I thought of the Cathedral, and of the Vale of Avalon, and could but hold up the hands of wonder, and exclaim 'Dissenters here!' Two hours and a half by railway to Salisbury. Hasten to the close: let the most intelligent of vergers conduct you through the famous church. Dare we say, Disappointed? I do not allude to the horrible arrangement of the old monuments, one in each bay of the nave, on the floor, midway between the piers; nor to the stalls of shabby deal, painted brown; nor to the ugly way in which the Lady Chapel has been thrown into the choir. Even looking at the vast building, with its double transept, and its spire, the loftiest in England, I could but vaguely say, that I have seen cathedrals which impressed me infinitely more. Long neglect laid its hand on the great church, till Bishop Denison took it in hand. Much work is going on now; the west front is concealed by scaffolding, and great saws are cutting stone at its base: but there is a vast deal yet to do. Rather to undo. The execrable hand of Wyatt has been here, obliterating and destroying. The spire, of near 400 feet, is a good deal off the perpendicular: at the capstone it is two feet to the south and near a foot and a half to the west. No further deviation has occurred for many years. The close is large. The ancient deanery is opposite the west front of the church; the palace stands within grounds of moderate extent near the Lady Chapel. The present bishop has published to the world his profound conviction that it was not his good luck that placed him there: it would be gratifying to many if he would inform them what else did it. Assuredly it could not have been his skill in conducting a controversial correspondence. Sorry, indeed, is the figure he makes in the hands of S. G. O.

Two miles from Salisbury is Bemerton, hallowed by the memory of George Herbert: a mile further towards the west is Wilton, where a beautiful Byzantine church was built a few years ago by the late Mr. Sidney Herbert. One regrets that so much cost should have been lavished on a building of an inferior style; however splendid a specimen of that style it may be. And eight miles from the graceful cathedral of a somewhat wearisome perfection, you will find the grandest specimen of the rudest of all architecture. There, in the plain, is mysterious Stonehenge: 'awful memorial, but of whom we know not.'

Stay at the *White Hart*. In the evening, after dark, you may pervade the city, not

without its bustle and stir. Next day, as long as may be, saunter about the close, and look at the cathedral from all points of view. Again wander through its interior. I am mistaken if you do not depart, vaguely disappointed.

So to the never-failing train. Basingstoke, Farnborough, on the skirts of Aldershot camp; and in the gathering dark approach awful London: awful with its vast bulk and ceaseless whirl to such as dwell amid quiet scenes; awful with its contrasts of the greatest luxury and the most abject poverty. Here is Waterloo Station: enter the rapid *Hansom*. And, speeding this Saturday evening towards the place of sojourn, look back to Monday morning, and try to recall what has been beheld since then. You give it up, confused.

A. K. H. B.

From the *Athenæum*.

"THE SHAME OF ART."

PARIS, December, 1866.

THE quarrels of sculptor Clésinger and his employer and reproducer in bronze, the famous Barbédienne, — whose artistic bronzes are known in every part of the civilized world, — have just culminated in a trial. The details are both piquant and instructive. They are a flat contradiction to the estimate made of the worldly affairs of artists by the romancist and the dramatist. Let an artist once hit the public taste, and his way, not to competence, but to fortune, becomes a broad and easy road. If he be a sculptor, the Art manufacturers in bronze take him up, and "vulgarize" his works, to his great profit. Indeed, so weighty may the sculptor's pecuniary interests in a bronze-manufactory become, that he shall be able to dictate to the manufacturer with a high hand, and bind him down under the severest conditions.

The transactions of MM. Clésinger and Barbédienne afford so remarkable an insight into the actual Paris world of Art, that I am sure the readers of the *Athenæum* will thank me for setting them forth plainly and briefly. The sculptor Clésinger was the aggressor. He brought an action against M. Barbédienne, disputing in the first place the defendant's accounts; charging him with having "forged in letters bronze," and asserting that divers disadvantageous agreements had been imposed upon the plaintiff unfairly — unhandsome advantage having

been taken of his necessitous predicament. The sculptor alleged that in selling certain of his works to M. Barbédienne he did not also sell the right of reproducing them by the well-known Colas process of reduction — a process which was said by the plaintiff to be stigmatized as "the shame of Art." With these knotty questions in hand, the lawyers soon stirred a storm in the realms of Art. M. Léon Duval began it. He argued that Barbédienne owed a great part of his fortune to Clésinger. He read some of the defendant's letters written in happy moments of artistic triumph, encouraging the sculptor to new labours and new distinctions. Surely the following passage was delightful to the sight of the sculptor! — "If you should happen to conceive for me some draped subject that would succeed like the Sappho, or the Penelope, I could make *rentes* for you with your copyright for the reductions." The reductions in question were those made by the Colas process — "the shame of Art." Here is another puff of the liberal bronze-publisher's incense that must have been grateful to the nostrils of the sculptor! — "The little Sappho has the grand and sweet simplicity of the statuaries of old. We will try to make money for you with this morsel, perfumed as it is with antique poetry." These were the honeyed words distilled for the sculptor in that bronze-worker's manufactory in 1856-7. Two years before, the sculptor had fallen on evil days, it would seem. In deep sorrow over a domestic breavement, he had brought forth a work of unequal merit — his statue of Francis the First. I remember very well its brief appearance in the quadrangle of the Louvre. It was condemned. The sculptor was deeply in debt, and sought relief from his creditors in a temporary exile. The artist naturally went to Rome. In those dark days of his career, Barbédienne advanced him large sums of money, and seems to have made him a regular monthly allowance of three thousand francs. "Aye," cries the sculptor, "but he profited by my unfortunate position at his feet, in order to make me sign ruinous agreements." The sculptor is now delivered from his creditors, and takes the earliest convenient opportunity of having his revenge. He calls Barbédienne *parvenu*, and accuses him of fraud. He pretends that the agreements by which he sold certain works to the bronze-worker were only sham bargains, made in order to protect his works from the clutches of his creditors. There is not much "grand and sweet simplicity" about this, at any rate. There is genius that can keep

a solid foot on *terra firma*, and has a keen eye for a ledger as well as for the line of beauty. The evidence about the sale of a superb bull in marble is conflicting enough. But the balance is decidedly in M. Barbédienne's favour. His object throughout appeared to be to protect Clésinger's interests, as well as his own. We now light upon some interesting facts and figures. Clésinger was at work upon his Cornelia, for which M. Barbédienne was to pay fourteen hundred pounds; two busts — Paris and Helen — priced at 360*l.*; and another bust, for which a rich connoisseur was to pay a high price. And now the sculptor intimated that he would not part with his right of reproduction — of reproduction by the Colas process — "the shame of Art." M. Barbédienne replied that in this case he would give up the Cornelia, on which he had made already large advances, together with the busts; and he now stopped the monthly payment of 3,000 francs to the sculptor. The sculptor's lawyer exclaims, "Here is the tradesman's greed triumphant over the artist's necessity. Observe that the moment is come when the poor sculptor must sell his right for a dish of lentils!" The sculptor struck his flag to the bronze-manufacturer; and in his terror, according to M. Duval, offered to the greedy Barbédienne the right to reproduce any works he might create in the future.

And now we turn upon another phase of Art-life. M. Barbédienne had obtained the opportunity of submitting some of the sculptor's marbles to the Emperor, and his Majesty had bought two of them. "You must thank the Emperor," wrote the manufacturer to the sculptor. "If you like, just sign your name at the bottom of a sheet of paper." The sculptor was content to do this, and to leave M. Barbédienne to speak for him after his own fashion. Then M. Barbédienne writes to Clésinger: "I have given your letter to the Emperor, to M. Mocquard. You have heartily thanked the Emperor. You have said that your French heart and your chisel will always be inspired for the glory of our dear country, which the Emperor has made so great and so respected. Finally, on the subject of the recent *attentat*, you say that you thought you had stifled, in your group, the last monsters who threatened the Imperial family." M. Duval was too skilful an advocate not to make plentiful capital out of this; observing, that a man who would allow another to put words into his mouth in this reckless manner, would not be very particular about his stamped or other agreements. Afterwards,

the great charge was gone into. M. Barbédienne was accused of having forged in bronze; because, in reducing Clésinger's statues by the Colas process, he had also reduced the signatures which were on them. I need not say that this charge fell at once to the ground. By way of peroration, the sculptor's lawyer fell savagely upon the Colas machine. It has been said—

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.

But M. Clésinger does not respect this injunction. He says through his lawyer, in order to damage M. Barbédienne,—"This machine, which is the shame of Art, can reproduce the large masses of a statue very well, but cannot finish the extremities, or the flowing folds of drapery. Hence, in our days, there are sculptors of nails, of hair, &c. The machine is so unsteady, so untrustworthy, that two reproductions made by it, and intended to be exactly similar, are seen, at a glance, to be unlike. Imagine the Venus of Milo with something more or less than the proportions of the Greek marble, and say, is not this a profanation? It is an outrage on 'sovereign beauty.' The finishing touches of the sculptor must vivify and give a soul to the marble. The product of the machine is hardly more a work of Art than are common figures in gingerbread."

In his fiery denunciation of poor Colas's machine, M. Duval declared that there were sensitive connoisseurs who kept away from M. Barbédienne's side of the Boulevards, lest they should see some of its work in his windows. He was very severe on the sculpture of the Boulevards; and, truth to say, much of it is meretricious, and some of it indecent. But if there be an establishment on the Boulevards to which this condemnation does not fairly apply, it is surely that of Barbédienne.

M. Barbédienne's defence was simple. M. Sénard, who spoke it, presented what he called a "correspondence written kneeling," by M. Clésinger. In it the sculptor declared that he owed his bread, and his deliverance from misery, to M. Barbédienne. It must be admitted that the logic of facts turned up strongly in M. Barbédienne's favour. It was proved that between

1856 and 1866 the defendant had paid to the plaintiff close upon 14,000*l.* At the present time, the defendant has marbles by the plaintiff in his shop to the value of 6,800*l.* According to M. Sénard, there is no ready sale for this Art-property. The biting part of the manufacturer's reply followed. M. Barbédienne had reduced seventeen works by Clésinger, and one only had returned a profit, while five had about cleared their expenses: the rest had not covered half the cost of producing them. Of some not a copy had been sold. As far back as 1860, M. Barbédienne wrote to M. Clésinger: "The public is indifferent to your statues; and as for those which I have reduced, they are so much lost capital." The correspondence presented to the tribunal by M. Barbédienne's counsel showed that this gentleman had been in the habit of accepting bills for the plaintiff, and had even been security to the plaintiff's tailor. The correspondence proved throughout tender consideration for the exigencies of the artist. While M. Barbédienne was paying money out of his pocket, he was, advising the plaintiff to work with courage, and regain "that esteem among men with which no one can dispense." M. Sénard's final stroke was decisive. He declared that the object of the trial was to bring M. Barbédienne's Art-manufactures into disrepute, in order to prop up a rival establishment about to be started, with the support of M. Clésinger! The Imperial Advocate, Aubepin, summed up against M. Clésinger with cutting severity. There was no ground whatever for the charge of fraud or sham bargains. The manufacturer openly bought Clésinger's marbles in order to reduce them by the Colas machine. Clésinger had lived on the moneys paid by Barbédienne in anticipation of the profits to be realized by the process which the sculptor now stigmatized as "the shame of Art."

The trial ended in the complete triumph of M. Barbédienne, and the condemnation of the sculptor to the payment of all costs in the suit.

You may readily imagine the commotion these revelations, of which I have given you only a faint outline, have made in French *ateliers*.

B. J.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ABBAYE AUX DAMES.

MEANWHILE Catherine, in good spirits and in better heart than she had felt for many a day, was picking her way between the stones, and walking up the little village street with her husband. Fontaine nimbly advancing with neatly gaitered feet, bowed right and left to his acquaintance, stopping every now and then to inquire more particularly after this person's health, or that one's interests, as was his custom. The children were at play in the little gardens in front of the cottages, the women were sitting in groups dancing their bobbins, spinning, whirling, twisting, stitching. Their tongues were wagging to the flying of their fingers and the bobbing of their white caps. Some of the men were winding string upon nails fixed to the walls, some were mending their nets, others were talking to the women, who answered, never ceasing their work for an instant. Between the houses a faint, hazy sea showed glittering against the lime walls. Dominique, from the farm, came down the middle of the street with some horses clattering down to the water; Marion and others called out a greeting to him as he passed. "And when does Mademoiselle Chrétien return?" said Madame Potier from the door of her shop.

"Who can tell?" said Dominique, clattering away. "To-morrow perhaps." He took off his hat to Monsieur Fontaine, and Madame Potier beamed a recognition as they passed.

Catherine asked her husband why so many of the men were at home. She had not been long enough by the sea to read the signs of the times in the south-west wind now blowing gently in their faces—in the haze which hid the dark rocks of the Calvados.

Fontaine adjusted his glasses and looked up at the sky, and then at the faint blue horizontal line. "These fine mornings are often deceptive," said he, "although it is hard to believe in bad weather on such a day as this." Everything was so bright and so still, the wind so gentle, that it seemed as if gales could never blow again, or storms rise. The sun poured down upon the dusty road. Now and then the threads of the women at work stirred in the soft little breeze; the voices sounded unusually distinct,—a cheerful echo of life from every door-way. Presently two men and a boy, tramping down towards the sea, passed by, carrying oars and rope-ends. These were Lefebvres, who evidently thought, like Catherine, that no storm need be apprehended when the sun shone so steadily and the sea lay so calm. The boy looked up and grinned, and his bright blue eyes gave a gleam of recognition, for he knew Madame Fontaine; one of the men, Christophe Lefebvre, touched his cap, the other, who was his cousin, tramped on doggedly. Joseph Lefebvre was the most obstinate man in the village, and no one dared remonstrate with him. Christophe and he had words

that morning, it was said, about their coming expedition, but it ended in Christophe going too at Isabeau's prayer. He never refused Isabeau anything she asked, poor fellow—that was known to them all. The men went their way, and at some distance, watching them, and muttering to herself, old Nanon followed: her brown old legs trembled as she staggered along under her load of seaweed. "Christophe was a fool," she said. "What did he mean by giving in to that dolt of a Joseph?" So she passed in her turn, muttering and grumbling. Catherine would have stopped and spoken to her, but the old woman shook her head and trudged on. "What is it to you?" she was saying. "You have your man dry and safe upon shore, always at your side: he is not driven to go out at the peril of his life to find bread to put into your mouth."

The old woman's words meant nothing perhaps, but they struck Catherine with a feeling of vivid reality, for which she could hardly account. Poor souls, what a life was theirs, a life of which the sweetest and wholesomest food must be embittered by the thought of the price which they might be called upon to pay for it some day. Yes, she had her "man," as Nanon called Monsieur Fontaine, and she looked at him as he walked beside her, active and brisk, and full of life and good humour. He talked away cheerfully, of storms, and fish, and fishermen, of the *Ecole de Natation* at Bayeux, which he had attended with much interest, and where he meant Toto to go before long; he talked of the good and bad weather, storms, and of the great piles of seaweed with which the coast was sometimes covered when the tide went down after a boisterous night. "That is a sight you must see, my very dear Catherine," said the maire. "People rise at the earliest dawn and come down with carts and spades, and barrows and baskets. It would amuse you to see the various expedients for carrying away the *varech* before the evening tide."

"But what do they do with it?" said Catherine.

"It forms a most valuable manure," said the maire, in his instructive voice. "The odour is not agreeable, but its beneficial properties cannot be too highly commended. I remember, last spring, in the early dawn, some one tapping at my window, saying, 'Get up, get up, Monsieur le Maire, the *varech* is arrived.' I hastily dressed and found all the company assembled upon the beach, although it was but three o'clock in the morning." They had come to the church at the end of the village by this time, and Monsieur le Curé was descending the well-worn steps. He pulled off his three-cornered hat, and Fontaine, hastily stepping forward, panama in hand, returned the salutation, and asked M. le Curé whether he would be at home in the course of half an hour? "I have certain *paperasses* to sign," said the maire, with a beaming and important face, "and I venture to ask if you would kindly witness them? I will return after escorting my wife to the château," said the

maire, with some slight complaisance at the thought of such good company. "She joins the niece of Madame de Tracy and others in an expedition to Bayeux."

"We shall have rain soon," said the curé, looking at the horizon from the church. "We must make the most of this fine sunshine while it lasts." And as he spoke the whole place seemed to grow bright.

"Joseph Lefebvre is putting out," said the maire. "It seems hazardous; but these people are fish, not men." And he adjusted his eyeglass and looked at a long low bank of clouds beyond the rocks of the Calvados.

"There will be a storm to-night," said the curé, dryly. "Madame, however, has time to divert herself before it comes. I'm afraid Joseph will scarcely return *à sec*."

"Monsieur le Curé," cried Fontaine, walking off, "I shall drop in at the presbytery on my way home."

Catherine looked after the curé as he trudged away towards a cottage, where she, too, sometimes paid visits of charity. The black figure with its heavy skirts passed through the brilliant waves of light. This light seemed to make everything new and beautiful, the fields, the distant lanes, the very grass along the roadside. The two, walking towards Tracy, presently reached a place where the field-path joined the road, and where one of those wayside crosses which are so common in Normandy had been erected. Some faded garlands were still hanging to it, and the grass was growing between the stone steps. Here Fontaine stopped.

"Is not that the carriage from Tracy coming to meet us?"

"Yes, I think so," Catherine answered.

"Then I will leave you with your friends, for I have several things to do," Fontaine said, hastily. "Good-by, dear Catherine: they will see you home; they promised me they would if I spared you to them."

"Good-by, Charles," said Catherine. "Thank you for coming with me when you were so busy."

Fontaine smiled and kissed her forehead. "Good-by, my little Catherine," said he, a second time, so kindly that it seemed to her that the sound of his voice echoed long after he had spoken. When the carriage drove up, Catherine was standing quite still by the cross, watching Fontaine as he walked away. Once he turned and looked back, and then the slope of the field hid him from her eyes.

"It was not like Monsieur Fontaine to run away from us," said Mrs. Beamish cheerfully, driving up in her furs and smiles. "We came to meet you. My aunt changed her mind at the last moment and wouldn't come. Ernestine declares we are going to see old rags and bones, and that it is a fast day, and they won't let us into the convent. But we mean to try, don't we? Jump in, dear."

The convent of the Augustines at Caen stands upon a hill next to the great Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, which the people call

l'Abbaye aux Dames. The convent walls enclose shady lime-walks, and quadrangles, and galleries, and flights of steps, along which the white nuns go drifting. The galleries lead to sick wards and dispensaries, to refuges and nurseries. The care of the soldier's hospital is given to the nuns, and it is almost a city which you come to within the great outer gates. Life and prayer, and work, and faith, the despairs of this world, and the emblems of the next, meet you at every step in the halls and courts and quiet gardens, in the sunshine and shadow, peopled by this pathetic multitude: men and women and children, who have fled hither for refuge. They come up from the great battle-fields of the world, and from the narrow streets and dark tenements below. Some go to the hospital, some to the convent, and some to the little graveyard upon the hill-side, from whence you may see the city lying in the plain, and the river shining and flowing, and the distant curve of encompassing hills painted with the faint and delicate colours of the north.

De Tracy led the two Catherines, Dick and Beamish toiling up the steep streets with their rugged stones. They crossed a lonely "Place" at last, where the sun beat upon the grass-grown pavements, and no one was to be seen but some masons chipping at the great blocks of marble which were being prepared for the restoration of the cathedral. There it stood before them, high up above the town, silent, and gleaming white, and beyond it the two great gates, closed and barred, with the words *HÔTEL DIEU* emblazoned upon them. Reine had passed through those gates, Butler was thinking as he stood waiting with the others for the portress to come with the key and admit them into the precincts. To Butler there was an indescribable sadness about the place. The monotonous sound of the blows from the workmen's mallets seemed to fill the air. He looked at the closed way, at the great silent cathedral, at the distant valley; some presentiment saddened and oppressed him, — none of the others felt as he did. Catherine was in high spirits — gay in the passing excitement, thankful for relief after her pain, happy in the consciousness of her husband's trust and Butler's friendship.

As for Mrs. Beamish, everything was grist that came to her mill, — she was one of those princesses who know how to grind gold out of straw. Beamish used to laugh at her energy and enthusiasm, but he loved her for it. Fossils, doubtful relics, Bishop Odo's staff, jolting omnibuses, long half-hours in waiting-rooms — Mrs. Beamish laughed and enjoyed everything untiringly. She stood now leaning against the iron gate and holding one great bar in her hand, as she chattered on in her pleasant way, while Catherine, who had perched herself upon a block of stone, sat listening to the talk of the others. It was only woman's talk after all — of needlework, and of samplers, and of stitches, but the stitches had been set eight hundred years ago, and the seamstress was an empress, and the pattern was the pattern of her times.

They had just come from the Bayeux tapestry. "I should as soon have thought of seeing the Gordian knot," cried Mrs. Beamish flippantly.

"Or Penelope's web," said Dick.

"Hush," said Beamish. "Here comes the abbe." "

A little bright-eyed, white-robed sister, followed by an attendant in a blue cotton gown, now came to the gate and unlocked it. "Mademoiselle will conduct you over the hospital," she said, in answer to their various requests and inquiries. "You wish to see Mademoiselle Chrétien, madame? The ladies here who are in retreat admit no visits. I am sorry to refuse you, but the convent is closed to the public." Then they asked for Marthe. It was a fast day, and, as Ernestine had predicted, no strangers could be allowed to see the ladies. Any vague hopes, which might have brought Dick all the way from Petitport, were quickly extinguished by the gentle little nun who glided away from them along the arched cloister, in and out of the shade and the light, with silent steps, like a ghost.

Then the lay sister took up the story in a cheerful, sing-song voice, and began to recite the statistics of this House Beautiful. So many loaves, so many fishes, so many doctors, so many cauldrons of soup, of physic, so many people cured, so many buried. She led them into the kitchen, where two nuns were busy cooking vegetables, while a third was sitting at a table chanting out canticles from the Psalms, to which the others responded loudly. She led them into the long wards where the sick were lying, with their nurses coming and going from bedside to bedside; one pale man, with great dark eyes, raised himself wearily to see them go by, and then fell back again upon his pillow. The curtains of the bed next to his were drawn close, and Catherine bent her head as she hurried past it. The nursery was the prettiest and most cheerful sight of all. It was on the ground floor, where two or three rooms opened out upon one of the cloisters, and in these rooms were small cradles and babies asleep, with their little fat hands warm and soft upon the pillows, and some little children playing quietly, and some old nuns keeping watch. The shadows made a shifting pattern on their woollen gowns, and the lights through the open door painted the unconscious little group. They sat there busy, peaceful, beatified, with the children all about them, and saintly halos round about their worn old heads. They were not saints, only old women as yet. Though, indeed, it is not more difficult to imagine them as saints and angels one day yet to come, than to think of them like the children round about— young, golden-haired, round-eyed. One of the children, a little boy called Henri, took a great fancy to Dick, and trotted up to him with a sticky piece of sugar, which he silently thrust into his hand. A baby, who was sitting upon the floor, began to make a cooing noise as if to call attention, but when Mrs. Beamish stooped

to take her up into her arms, she saw that the poor little thing was blind.

"Blind from her birth," the nurse cried, "but a little angel of goodness!"

"I think if I had not married I should have liked this life," said Mrs. Beamish, thoughtfully. "And you, Madame Fontaine?"

Little Catherine flushed up, and shook her head gently.

"Our sisters are very happy," said their conductress. "We have three who are over eighty years of age. They never come out of the convent, where they remain with the novices."

"Do any of them ever go back into the world?" asked Beamish, in a John Bull sort of tone.

"Last year a novice came," said the conductress; "there was a grand ceremony at her reception. She came, dressed as a bride, in a great carriage with two horses, and many gentlemen and ladies were present to take leave of her. Then her mother came and cried, and threw herself at her feet. The unfortunate girl's courage failed; apparently hers was no real vocation. She left in a common hackney coach next morning, disgraced and pitied by us all. . . . This is the Abbaye, which is, as you see, in reparation."

Matilda and her successors have raised the church upon tall upspringing arches, so light, so beautiful, that they strike one like the vibrations of music as one enters. If our faith of late years had been shown by such works as these, what strange creeds and beliefs would have seemed represented by the Egyptian mausoleums, the stucco, the Grecian temples, in which we have been content to assemble. Here, through a side-door in the massive wall, they entered in among the springing forest of arches, first passing through a small outer chapel, which seemed echoing with a distant chaunt, and where a coffin was lying on the marble pavement. The lay sister quietly pointed to it, saying, "The bearers will be presently here to take it away. It is a young man who died in the hospital two days ago. We do not know his name." And then she opened a grating and led them into the church. They were all silent as they moved about; the whiteness and cheerfulness of the place seemed at once lovely and sad to Catherine; — she was glad to be there. "The tomb of the empress is in the choir," their conductress continued, "behind that black curtain. You have seen her *topissérie*, no doubt. I cannot take you in, for, as I told you, the service is going on, but, if you like, I may raise the curtain for an instant."

She was quite at home and matter-of-fact. Catherine Beamish was silent and impressed; Catherine Fontaine felt as if it was a sort of allegorical vision passing before her; she could hardly believe in the reality of this calm oasis in the midst of the roaring work-a-day world: the coffin, the children, the sick people, all seemed like a dream somehow. She was thinking this when the sister called them to the grat-

ing which separated the choir from the nave, and raised the curtain, and as she did so a flood of yellow light from the west window came pouring through the bars, and then the most unreal sight of all met Catherine's eyes. It was like some vision of a saint in ecstasy. In the midst of the choir stood the great black tomb; all round about the praying nuns knelt motionless in their white garments. The priests at the altar were intoning in a low sing-song voice. All the faces were towards them; closed eyes, some hands clasped, some crossed devoutly, some outstretched in supplication: Catherine suddenly seized Dick's arm. "Look!" she whispered.

"Do you see her?" he asked eagerly, in a low voice, turning to Madame Fontaine; but the curtain fell almost at that instant, and it was too late.

"No, madame," said the lay sister decidedly, "I must not do it again; it is impossible."

She was deaf to all their entreaties, and stood before the pulley to prevent any one attempting to look again.

"She saw you," said Catherine to Butler, as they walked away at once, touched, impressed, and curious, with the sound of the chanting in their ears. Presently the unconscious Beamish began asking them all if they had seen that beautiful young woman to the right? "She was not so well trained as the others, and opened her eyes," said he.

The last thing to see was the garden, where the sick people were strolling in the sunshine, and then by a great alley of lime-trees they came to the hill beyond the graveyard, from whence they could look for miles and miles at plains and hills all bathed in misty sunshine. A little wind was blowing, and smoke drifting over the gables of the town, and an odd bank of clouds seemed piled against the west. Coming back under the bare branches of the avenue they met the little funeral procession, and stood still to let it pass. Two choristers were trudging ahead, chanting as they hurried along; an old white-headed priest was hurrying beside the coffin. Some birds were faintly chirruping overhead, the wind came rushing through the bare branches, shaking the shadows upon the dry turf.

"It does one good to come to this place. I shall ask my husband to bring me here again," said Catherine.

No one answered her. Butler was a little ahead, walking with his hands deep in his pockets. Catherine Beamish had got hold of her husband's arm and was talking to him. For the first time that day a strange chill presentiment came to Madame Fontaine; she remembered it afterwards. As she came out through the gates again it seemed to her as if she was leaving behind her more of peace and of prayer than were to be found outside, and yet she was glad to escape and to be carried away by the tide of life.

Who shall say where peace is to be found? George Eliot has nobly written that the king-

dom of heaven is within us, and not to be found here or there by those who vainly search for it. Reine Chrétien thought once that she had discovered it to the sound of the chaunted prayers in the companionship of sacred, indifferent women. She had been torn by mistrust. Catherine's poor little warning had roused the sleeping jealousy of this strange and difficult nature. She had hated herself, struggled against it, forgotten it in a passionate enthusiasm of devotion, of gratitude; and by some strange chance, praying in the choir, within the gates of the convent, she had opened her eyes to see the curtain raised, and, like a terrible revelation, the secret visions of her heart standing realized before her. There were Dick and Catherine standing outside at the grating, side by side; and within it, the nuns at their prayers, and Reine still on her knees, with a sudden tempest raging in her heart.

Another time the chance might have meant nothing, but now she was in a demoralized state of mind, and, as it often happens, the very efforts which she had made to overcome the evil seemed to increase its strength, like water poured upon the flames.

Certain combinations, which at one time, to some people, seem utterly shifting and unmeaning, to others are, as it were, stamped and arrested for ever in their minds. A certain set of emotions have led up to them; a certain result follows. The real events of life happen silently, and in our hearts the outward images are but signs and faint reflections of its hopes, longings, failings, victories.

CHAPTER XIX.

FONTAINE TO THE RESCUE.

IN the absence of his wife, poor Fontaine had been making mischief at home; he had let out Dick's secret to Madame de Tracy, who happened to meet him as he was coming out of the curé's house with his *paperasses*, as he called them, in his hands. She had been transacting some business with the lace-makers at the end of the village, and had walked home with him, talking of one thing and another, little thinking as she went along that this was the last of their many gossips. Madame de Tracy listened with interest to Fontaine, who was speaking of his wife, and saying how happy he was, how good she was, how charmingly she bore with the small peculiarities of a tender and excellent but over-anxious and particular mother.

"My nephew told me that he was afraid Madame Mérard had taken a great dislike to him," said the countess, laughing. "I know she is a little difficult at times."

"She is a person of great experience," said Fontaine, "and one cannot blame her, madame, for feeling that in a usual way the acquaintance of an elegant young man of the world is not desirable for a young wife in Catherine's

position. She might be tempted to draw comparisons—but of course, under the circumstances—Monsieur Butler is engaged,” and here poor Fontaine suddenly stopped short and looked Madame de Tracy in the face. . . . “You did not know it,” he said; “I have forgotten myself—madame, I entreat you to ask no more—let my words be buried in oblivion.”

He might have known that Madame de Tracy of all the people in the world was the last person to comply with such a request. She asked a hundred questions, she plied him in every way. She never rested for one instant until she finally extracted poor Reine's name from her victim. Her next proceeding was to rush off to the farm in a state of indescribable agitation. Petitpère was plodding about in company with his friend Barbeau, the wisps of straw hanging from their wooden sabots. Together they poked the pigs, inspected their barns, examined the white horse's lame foot. The apparition of the countess took them by surprise, but old Chrétien courteously replied to all Madame de Tracy's agitated questions. Reine was absent. She would return next day—offered her refreshment, a little bread and butter after her walk, a little milk—would she not rest? She was tired, would she not permit him to send her home on Annette, who should be instantly saddled? for the weather was threatening, and as he spoke the storm which Fontaine had predicted broke. So Madame de Tracy had to wait for shelter at the farm, and meanwhile the little party of excursionists had not yet reached home. The carriage was waiting at the station, and as they passed through the streets, Bayeux looked black, and then again suddenly lighted by gleams from the setting sun, the window-panes blazed here and there, drops of rain began to fall, and presently clouds came spreading and hid the pale gold, and the rain began to pour upon the roads and hedges, by the stunted fruit-trees, upon the wide fields which spread to the sea; and soon the mists came creeping up, and hid the distant glimpses of the sea and the hills.

They were all tired and silent, and spoke little on the way back. Baptiste was standing at the door of the chateau, when the carriage drove up through the gusts of rain. “Madame has not yet returned from the village,” he said. “She has sent a message; she wishes the carriage to go for her to Lefebvre's cottage. The poor wife is in great trouble; he has not yet returned. They say the boat has been seen making for the port.”

“Ah, poor woman!” said Madame Fontaine with an ache in her heart. A sudden gust of wind and rain came blowing in her face, and Baptiste staggered under the great umbrella which he was holding over Mrs. Beamish as she alighted.

Dick had got down too, but he sprang into the carriage again when he found that De Tracy did not get off the box, but was buttoning up his coat and preparing to go on. “Good-

by,” said Catherine Beamish, and then the carriage set off again. The horses went with a sudden swiftness, and presently they came in sight of a brown sea tossing fiercely in the twilight. Tracy stood up upon the box, and tried to make out something of the boat, but the wind blew his hat off into the carriage, and he could see nothing. The wind had changed since the morning, and was now blowing in fierce gusts from the north-west. They passed the wayside cross, upon which the wet garlands were swinging to and fro; the wet was dripping upon the stony steps, the mists were thickening behind it. Catherine could hardly believe that this was the sunshiny place where she had parted from her husband in the morning. Then they passed the church, and the dark-looking gates of the presbytery, over which the bushy branches were swinging and creaking; and then they came at last to Lefebvre's cottage, which stood by itself at some little distance from the street. Here Jean pulled up, but no one seemed to be there. There was the sound of an infant's voice screaming within, and at last two or three little frightened children came crowding round the door, and peeped out and ran away. “*Ils sont allé voire*,” one little girl said at last; and the countess was gone too, she told them, in reply to Catherine's questions.

The rain fell with soaking force. The child inside the cottage went on crying in piercing sad tones, forlorn, helpless, deserted. Jean looked in. “It is on the floor, poor little wretch,” he said.

“Please let me out,” Catherine cried suddenly; “that poor little baby! I know it. I will wait here for Madame de Tracy, if you will tell my husband where I am, and ask him to come for me presently.”

“Had we not better take you home,” said Jean; “how will you get back?”

“Oh, Charles does not mind the rain; it is a very little way,” Catherine said. “I must stay with these children.”

The two young men turned and walked away, with the empty carriage following, as Catherine disappeared into the cottage. She took the wailing child into her arms, and throwing a few branches of colza upon the fire, she sat down upon a low stool, and tried to warm it and comfort it by the blaze. It was a long dark room, with the usual oaken cupboard and the deep chimney of those parts, like the chimneys in our own cottages. The wind shook the window-panes, and the slant rain struck against it as it fell; the fire seemed to make a melancholy and fitful glare, every now and then lighting up a little plaster statuette of the Virgin, ornamented with a tiny garland of artificial flowers. The kitchen was in confusion: chairs pushed about, the spinning-shuttle lying on the floor. Catherine noticed it all when her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness; for little light came from the window, and she had asked the children to close the door. They were standing round her now, staring in amazement. One of them who had not seen her before

thought it was, perhaps, a lady from heaven who had come to quiet the baby. As she hushed the wailing baby, she had taken off her bonnet, and her sweet little dark head was bent thoughtfully as one thing after another very far away from the cottage came into her mind. Every now and then the baby gave a little appealing moan; but after a time it dropped off to sleep in the folds of the cashmere shawl. Now and then Catheline would think she heard a step, and imagined it might be Fontaine coming to fetch her; but no one came for a very long time — so at least it seemed to her.

When the door did open at last, it was old Nanon who appeared, slowly hobbling in from the storm outside, and staring and blinking with her odd blood-shot eyes. A little rush of sleet seemed to burst in with her, and the baby set up a fresh moaning. The old woman did not seem surprised to see Catherine there.

"I came back to look to the children," she said. "If I had known you were here, I should have staid down below. They can't get the boat round the point. Isabeau has gone to the Chapel of our Lady to pray for their safety. That child wants food." And going to a cupboard, she poured some milk into a cup, and gave it to the baby. The other children clamoured round her, but Nanon pushed them away. Then she pulled the wheel with trembling haste up to the fire, and began to spin as if from habit, mumbling, and looking at the door. "They will bring us news," she said. "M. le Maire is on the *plage*, and M. de Tracy and the countess. Ah, it is not the first time they have gone down. . . . Look at my wheel; there it is, forty years old. Many things have happened since it first began to turn.

"How many thousand times it must have turned!" Catherine said.

"Ah, madame, many a time I have sat up till two o'clock in the morning to get bread to put into my children's mouths, after my poor defunct man's death. They used to cry sometimes because I had no food to give them. But M. le Curé was very good to me. 'Courage, my poor girl,' he said; and he made a *quête* of four francs for me. That was one day when I had nothing in the house."

Catherine shivered as she listened to the sad old voice complaining of the troubles of bygone years. She began to long to get away, — to be at home. The place seemed unutterably sad. The baby was asleep by this time. She listened to the sound of the rain pattering without, of the fire blazing fitfully, of the wheel turning. The elder children had begun a little game with a broom in a corner, and were laughing over it. Old Nanon span on. "Ah, what trouble I have had!" she was mumbling. "My 'petiot,' he was only ten, — so gentle, so obedient! Listen that I may tell you. He went out with his father and his elder brother, and about the time I was expecting them, I went into a neighbour's house, and she said, 'My poor Nanon, will you spin two pounds of flax?' But I said, 'No, I had to repair the "camiche" of my

husband. He would want a dry one when he came home; and I was arranging a pretty little pair of sabots for my petiot.' This is what Marion said to me: — 'Perhaps he may never want them, my poor Nanon.' And then I looked up, and I saw that more people had come in. 'Qui se mouchaient,' said the old woman, in her Norman patois. And I said: 'Listen to me, Marion; I like best to know the worst. I have lost my husband?' Ah, madame, it was not my husband then: my husband had come safe to shore: the men of St. Laurent had saved him. But my petiot; he was holding on to his father in the water, and the cravate gave way. Ah, I have had misfortune in my time.' . . . And old Nanon went on spinning.

It was just then that the door opened, and the curé of the village came in. Catherine started up, holding the baby to her, and gave a little cry. She seemed to guess instinctively that sorrow was at hand. The curé advanced to meet her with a face full of compassion.

"My poor child," he said, "come home. I have come to fetch you home. There has been an accident."

Catherine said nothing; she put the child quickly down and pulled her shawl over her head as they hurried through the wet street in the storm of sleet and wind. It seemed to Madame Fontaine that one or two people came to their doors and looked at them, but she was not sure; she did not dare to ask what had happened; she knew without being told, somehow. The curé was holding her hand and hurrying her along through the rain. As they came out upon the ascent leading to the chalet, Catherine saw a crowd of people down below upon the shingle, and some people standing in the little garden in front. "They have got him home," the curé said. "Let us hurry, my poor child; there is no time to lose."

Catherine gave a cry, and put her hand to her head and began running through the rain. The people at her door made way for her; but no haste she could have made would have been of any avail.

The two young men had come upon the beach just as the other boats had been hauled up safe and dry; the men were waiting to give a helping hand to the poor Lefebvres, whose boat — *La Belle Marion* — had just appeared through the mist. It was endeavouring to round a little promontory which jutted out into the sea beyond the terrace of the chalet, and which, with the rocks at the other extremity of the village, helped to form a small harbour for the fishing-boats. The name of the place came from this little natural port. There were some sunk rocks round the promontory against which the water dashed fiercely at all times. To-day the whole horizon was upheaving and tossing in the twilight. There was one faint gleam in the west where the black waves were tumbling and where clouds seemed to be shifting and tearing behind the mist, while below the terrible flushing sea was sobbing in passionate fury. Each

time the boat attempted to weather the point round which it had to pass before making for the shore, the shrieking wind and the great throbbing flood-tide drove it back again and again; once a great wave came rolling from afar, gathering strength as it approached, and completely covered the poor little labouring bark.

There was a cry of terror from the poor women looking on, but the water rolled away, and the three sailors were still there, fighting for their lives upon this terrible battle-field. Two or three of the people upon the beach hurried to the little promontory of which mention has been made. There was only standing-place for two or three. Dick and Fontaine were among the number. Fontaine was very much excited; he gesticulated vehemently, and with the others shouted to the men; but the wind carried their voices away. The storm was at its height. The white horses were dashing against the embankment at the extremity of the maire's little garden, and the spray came washing over the promontory. The wind shrieked like a human voice. The poor little boat seemed doomed; in its efforts to get under shelter, it came too near the wind, and once again entirely disappeared. It was like a miracle to the lookers-on, standing helpless on the beach, to see that when it emerged a second time, bottom upwards, from the water, the three men were clinging to it still; but it only rose to be drifted rapidly past into the mist by the furious tide from the shore. It passed only some twenty yards from the sand-bank upon which they were standing—Fontaine and Dick, and the two other men.

"Good heavens! one of them is gone," said Dick, beginning, by a sort of instinct, to fasten a rope round his waist.

Fontaine pointed to an object floating upon a wave. "Look," said he, "what is that?" and as he spoke, in his excitement, he seized a rope, and dashed into the water before any one could prevent him. Poor fellow, it was only a barrel; and, as he caught at it, it slipped from his grasp. There came a shriek from the wind, and a sudden squall of rain, and the rope came slack into the hand of the man who held it. "He has let go the rope," said one of the men, horrified, and then, somehow, it was Dick, in his turn, who was struggling in the sea.

It was a strange and awful moment as he rose upon the great roaring wave which caught him off his feet. The sky seemed to fall to meet him, his heart stood still, chill mountains were rising and falling. At first he was quite conscious; he could even notice a long string of black seaweed pass before his face. Suddenly, sooner than he had expected, he seemed flung with a dash against some floating substance, which he clutched; the water closed over his head; and then they began to pull the rope in from the shore. He scarcely knew what he was grasping; his senses seemed to fail; stunned and bewildered, he struggled through the terrible valley of the shadow of

death. When he came to himself he was lying on the shingle, some one was pouring brandy down his throat, and some one else was rubbing his hands.

Richard sat up, bewildered. They had carried him far away to a sheltered place, where they were less exposed to the storm; the sea was roaring still, but the fury of the wind had abated. As he looked, he saw that some people were carrying away the lifeless form of a man upon their shoulders; a woman with fluttering garments, and a child, sobbing in piteous tones, were trudging alongside.

"Thank God," said Madame de Tracy, flinging her arms round Dick's neck; while Jean nodded, and put up his brandy-flask.

"You must take him home in the carriage, mamma," said Tracy; "and now I will go and see how it fares with my poor Fontaine."

How it fared! He lay quite still upon his bed, with Toto still sobbing and holding his hand, and the old Méyards coming and going with scared white faces and with remedies that were not wanted now, for he would suffer no more. Some terrible blow in the water had stunned him to death. It was no living man that poor Dick had brought to shore. Poor Fontaine had been dashed by the storm against the barrel or some sunken rock.

Dear little heart. So foolish, so absurd, so confident, so tender and thoughtful for others. "He could swim like a fish," he had said to some one. "It was not for him to remain behind when others were going to their deaths." Ridicule is hushed, the humble are crowned with good things when the solemn wave which cast Fontaine upon the unknown shore comes for each in turn. Some of those who had laughed at his odd kindly ways were waiting outside in the rain with eyes full of tears, — some who had prayed more fervently, felt more deeply, perhaps realized the solemn mysteries of life and death more vividly, than this simple soul, were awe-stricken and silent as they thought of him now, for he was wiser than they. Love thy neighbour as thyself is the divine law of life, and if ever man fulfilled it cheerfully, unpretendingly, it was Fontaine. He had done his task gayly, kindly, ungrudgingly; he had gone his way, and died in harness.

Madame de Tracy awoke from troubled sleep in great agitation and depression on the morning after the storm. She could not rest: her nerves had been greatly shaken by the terrible calamity of the day before, by the sight of the poor little widow's terror and anguish. The good châtelaine longed to be of use to her, but Catherine had begged her to go, to leave her alone.

Poor lady! all night long she had wondered, reproached herself, sorrowed for her friend, trembled and reproached herself again. Madame de Tracy rose at last from her uneasy bed, where the little sharp points of conscience were piercing the down and the elastic mattresses; she went to one of the windows, and opened it, and looked out. From this window

she could see the chalet far away, and a bit of the sea and of the beach, upon which a light was burning, and she saw that the shingle was quite black with the seaweed which the night's storm had cast up. The chalet looked very still; no one seemed moving, but presently from one of its upper windows there came a light.

Madame de Tracy looked at it with a pain aching and tugging at her kind old heart; she waited for a while, and then rang for Barbe, who appeared presently, bright and smiling, with white cap-strings flying, as if it had been five o'clock in the afternoon instead of in the morning. "Barbe, go to Mr. Richard's door and ask him how he feels."

"Madame, he is asleep," said Barbe; "his door was open as I passed."

"Asleep! ah, perhaps it is the best thing for him. Tell me, is any one stirring in the house?"

"I think, madame, that M. le Comte is rising."

"Barbe! go and knock gently at his door. Ah, no; prepare my dressing things and a small cup of coffee, and one also for yourself. I want you to come with me to the chalet. I must go and see after that poor child. Ah, what a terrible scene! I little thought when they sent for me!"

When Barbe and her mistress reached the village it was all alive with early voices. The morning after the storm had broken with brilliant sunshine, although great mountains of clouds still hung mid-air. The doors were open, the people busily coming and going, children half-dressed were peeping, the early plants in the gardens were bathed in brightness. Even Madame Potier was at her unopened shop. She stared at Madame de Tracy, who, for the first time for many years, appeared in public without her frizzy curls.

"You have heard the news, madame?" she cried. "They came back in the night. They managed to get on shore at St. Laurent! It is a miracle." From the steep ascent to the chalet Madame de Tracy could see the figures crowding down below like ants, to clear away the great piles of black seaweed, and gather the harvest which the storm had cast up upon the shore. Nanon had her *hotte* full of the long hanging fringes: carts heaped with the fluttering ribbons slowly rolled away. Poor Catherine, too, saw the sight, looking out at early dawn, and languidly wondering what the bright lights moving here and there upon the beach could mean. Were they watching as she was? It seemed to her like a great pall cast up out of the sea, and she turned away with a sickening pang and a groan. She was afraid she had awakened Toto, who was lying asleep in a great chair, but the poor child only stirred uneasily, and breathed gently to sleep again.

About mid-day the storm came on again with so much fury that they were obliged to close the shutters of the chalet, and burn candles all day long.

On the third day it abated, and poor Fontaine was laid in his grave.

Once after the funeral Catherine saw the little feather brush which had vexed her so often lying on a table. She caught it up, the poor little widow, in her long black dress, and covered it with kisses and tears. Tears of such tender love and longing and remorse; no hero of romance, no knight dying in tournament, could have inspired truer and more tender sorrow.

On the third day after the storm, Reine came walking quietly across the fields from the station, wrapping her cloak round about her, for the evening was chill. Everything looked dusky, silent; low pale lights were shining through the broken heaps of cloud that were, at last, dispersing in the west. The salt pool under the dark bushes at the end of the road was gleaming with these pale lights. The horses in the fields were moving here and there, scarcely distinguishable in the darkness. Just over the farm, where the clouds had not yet risen, a little bit of red moon was hanging. The lights were pale chilly gold; but some deep shadows were heaping against the faint background. The windows of the farm were lighted up warmly, and looked home-like and welcoming to the young mistress of the house as she reached the great arch and went in.

She thought her own home had never looked so home-like, with its friendly seamed face, and quaint yet familiar aspect. She had a feeling as of a living friend or spirit of the hearth welcoming her, and enclosing her within open arms. She was glad to come back to liberty, to daily work, glad to meet her grandfather, — glad to meet Dick once more. But something — a presentiment, perhaps, growing out of the feelings of the last few days — seemed to mix with the happiness which she felt. It was like a little bitter taste, a little passing fear, — like a small cloud no bigger than a man's hand rising out of the horizon.

We all know how strangely, as we travel on in life, we suddenly reach new countries, states of mind, and of being, undreamt of, or at least unrealized by us. Those terrible phantoms of our youth — the selves to be of the future — come silently upon us before we are aware. They come vigorously at first, impatiently, with quick blood flowing. Then more indifferent. Then middle-aged, careworn, lean and slipped figures, advancing quietly out of the unknown, whispering secrets to us which we have not suspected, telling us truths that we sometimes hate to hear, sometimes thank heaven with unspeakable relief for knowing at last. There had been a strange revelation to Reine in that sudden withdrawing of the curtain of the chapel. She had seen, as it were, the thoughts, the unexpressed anxieties of her secret heart, in flesh and blood, there actually represented before her. The sight might have meant nothing if it had not been for the feelings which had preceded it: Dick at his ease among those rustling silks and furs; Catherine there,

and, as it were, one of them. What had Reine in common with it all? Nothing, ah, nothing but her great love. So great it was that she sometimes felt alone in it: her love, which was as a pain and a burden to her, for she could not express it. It was scarcely a part of herself, she thought sometimes. It seemed to her like something from without, bearing down upon her from a great distance. She could only offer it up with terror and awe, in solemn sacrifice to an unknown God. Alas! poor woman, these great silent emotions are not the offerings which are accepted most willingly in this good-humoured world. Thousands of little affectionate fires are burning on our neatly-blackened hearths, in our kitchens, in our hospitals and refuges. We deal out our fuel in scuttlefuls, and put in a few sticks of sentiment if the flame is very low; but I think Reine would have lighted a great pile, if she could have heaped upon it all the most worthy and valuable things; flung into it all the rich flowers, sweet fruit, and a few bitter herbs and incense, set fire to it all, and walked herself into the flames had she seen the occasion. Reine, with all her defects and her tenderness, her jealousy, her fidelity, her passionate emotions, her angry, rough words, could speak of the small passing feelings of an instant; but it was so hard to her to put words to the great harmonious discords of her secret heart, that she rarely tried to do so. It was in the look of her eyes, the flush of her face, its sometimes tender brilliance of anger and sweetness, that Richard Butler could read her heart.

Although Reine was old for her years in feeling, she was young in the knowledge of the world, and many a child of thirteen is wiser than she was then. It is only as women grow

older and know more of life that they escape from the Rhadamanthine adoration which haunts their inexperience. They find out later how fallible all human judgments are—how unsatisfactory and incomplete—and they discover when it is too late sometimes, that the tall superior beings who are to take the calm direction of their poor little flustered souls are myths and impossibilities.

Poor Reine's ideal had appeared to her through the bars in company with two rustling ladies of another country and class and religion to her own. Little combinations which at one time and to some people seem utterly shifting and unmeaning, to others are arrested for ever in their minds. A certain set of emotions have been silently leading up to this particular instant, and date from it ever after. The girl walked across the court with the heavy deliberate footstep of the *Chrétien*s. The ladies of the d'Argouges family, her mother's ancestors, had not been in the habit of wearing such heavy leather shoes; but one of them, Jeanne d'Argouges, had once been painted in a peasant dress with the same old golden crucifix hanging round her neck that Reine now wore. She used to be called "*La Fée*," and the girl had often heard her mother tell the story of her sad end, and how she died of a cruel word. Reine was like the picture, poor Madame *Chrétien* thought, and she had been used to laugh, and say that perhaps her daughter's beauty came to her from the drop of fairy blood in her veins.

As she came in, *Petitpère*, who was sitting by the fire, looked up and smiled at her, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

Among the results of the decrease in the number of the population in France, about which statisticians have been talking for the past few years, one of the most noticeable is a growing deficiency of hands available for tillage. In some districts the deficiency is serious; so much so, that the Agricultural Society of Compiègne is about to offer 100,000 francs as a prize for the best machines applicable to the cultivation of land. It will be interesting to observe the manner in which this offer will be responded to. One difficulty in the way is the system of farming that prevails in France—a large number of very small holdings, which is

commonly regarded as fatal to the application of mechanical cultivation on a profitable scale. It may be, however, that the ingenuity of our neighbours, combined with knowledge of local circumstances, will enable them to overcome the difficulty, and produce machines which small farmers may use with advantage. The question is one which may well engage the attention of the social and political economist; while to the moral philosopher it will, perhaps, suggest a more impressive significance than heretofore in the precept, "*Be fruitful and multiply.*"

From the Spectator, 12th January.

THE OBSTRUCTIVE PRESIDENT.

THE President of the United States appears to be a man of small intellect and strong passions. At present he is acting like young chess-players playing a losing game, who cannot deny themselves the small temporary gratification of uselessly checking their opponent, even though to do so they throw away the little chance that is left them of retrieving their battle. Nothing could be at once more cynical and more silly than the policy Mr. Johnson has lately been pursuing in his unequal struggle with Congress, — cynical, because it inflicts the most terrible sufferings in individual cases without advancing, nay, at the expense of, that cause of colour-caste in the South, which Mr. Johnson has espoused; — silly, because in several instances Mr. Johnson has thwarted his opponents simply for the pleasure of thwarting them, without even the power of overruling them, and without the pretence of the legal pleas on which he has generally professed to act. If the Committee to inquire whether he has done anything worthy of impeachment — which the Atlantic Telegraph tells us was carried in the House of Representatives by the large majority of 108 to 38 — should really propose to impeach him, and should meet with any success, the success will be entirely due to the senseless obstinacy of his recent acts, which assuredly render him an obstacle in the path of the new policy which it is desirable to shovel out of the way, if it can be done without any serious disruption of the party of freedom. Our own view has been, till within the last week, unfavourable to so strong a measure as the impeachment of the President, and would be so still, if any milder remedy for preventing the complete waste of two most important years of political action could be discovered. Mr. Johnson is clearly not responsible in any way for his own narrow intellect, or probably not *now* responsible for his own strong passions. It is not in order to punish him for being what he is, that any true friend of freedom would wish to see the ordinary course of events in the United States interrupted. But if the future is to be permanently imperilled because these two men of mean intellect and poor character — Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward — stand in the way, then it becomes the duty of those who know what the war really meant, and how great is the danger of letting society in the South crystallize again on the old law, the law of Slavery, instead of the new,

to sweep away these obstinate misinterpreters of the distinct will of a great nation. Hitherto, however, we do not doubt that Mr. Johnson's narrow passions have done good, and not harm. As Louis Napoleon is said to have apologized in 1859 for leaving Venetia in the hands of Austria, on the ground that Italy would be consolidated far sooner with two great external irritants, Rome and Venice, still to chafe the Italian nation into active patriotism and absolute unity of feeling, so Mr. Johnson, if he had the astuteness of the French Emperor, might some day plead before the bar of the American nation, that his bitterness against the cause of freedom was essential in the hour of victory to alarm the too lenient spirit of the North, to secure the coherence of the Free-Soil party and its adherence to its resolve that the South should never be trusted again till it had frankly obliterated the principle of social tyranny on which the rebellion took its stand. Mr. Johnson has hitherto prevented, and perhaps only a President of such bitter prejudices could have prevented, the North from unguardedly, in the generosity of its heart, making fatal concessions to the South. But now that he has succeeded in making them wake as one man to their danger, the next thing should be to save two most important years in dealing with it, and Mr. Johnson seems determined to show the North that this cannot be done without brushing aside the unfortunate political accident who professes to administer their will. X

The case against Mr. Johnson is this. Congress has passed, — and passed as the net moral result of the war, without the complete and sincere acceptance of which the war would be over only in name, — and the requisite majority of the States of the Union have ratified, the Constitutional Amendment finally abolishing slavery, except as a criminal punishment, and giving Congress power to enforce this new provision of the Constitution by appropriate legislation. So far the President and the late rebellious States professed to go with Congress. But this change was only nominal so long as the States lately in rebellion continued to hold to all their old legal and social customs constructed on the *ideas* of the system they professed to surrender; so long as whites who shoot negroes are acquitted of all guilt, and negroes who lift a finger against whites are shot dead; so long as white men may travel where they please, and negro travellers are called vagrants and condemned to slavery for terms of years; so long as white evidence hangs

any number of negroes, and negro evidence is not even accepted against a white; so long as negroes are taxed for the schools which white children alone may attend, and white men burn down the schools for negroes with absolute impunity; so long as deliberate massacres of the negroes go absolutely unpunished; so long as Southern Courts laugh at the Constitutional Amendment, and declare it unconstitutional. Let slavery be declared abolished, and yet all these things of which we have spoken go on without interference on the part of Congress or the Executive, and it is clear that the results of the war are cast to the winds. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Johnson has moved heaven and earth to effect. Congress passed a Freedmen's Bureau Bill last Session to protect the negroes in the South. Mr. Johnson vetoed it. Congress passed a Civil Rights Bill declaring all native negroes citizens of the United States, and entitled to all the civil rights of whites born under the same circumstances. Mr. Johnson vetoed it. During the long vacation a most bloody and malignant plot was laid by the citizens of New Orleans against the Free-Soil party of that State, and a massacre organized which in part took effect, which actually cost the lives of more than a score of loyalists, and but for the United States troops would have been a second St. Bartholomew. Mr. Johnson did his best at the time, and has done his best ever since, to palliate the guilt of that deliberate massacre and to throw the blame upon the victims. All this has long been known. But now Mr. Johnson is playing more and more boldly the same disgraceful part. This session Congress, which is the only legislature of the district of Columbia in which Washington lies, has passed by two-third majorities in both Houses a Bill giving the suffrage to negroes in that district. Mr. Johnson has vetoed it, although his power only extends to delaying it for a day or two, when the same majorities given after his veto will pass it into law. Still worse, the only power by which the evil passion of the South against its freedmen was mitigated was the military power. Till lately it was known that if negroes were murdered and the State Courts refused to take cognizance of the crimes, or acquitted the criminals, the military authorities would interfere. In Georgia in the last year there have been three hundred such murders of which only three, or 1 per cent., were punished, and these under the influence of fear of the military authorities, who would have had far more influence

but for the known bias of the President against the negroes. Mr. Johnson has just withdrawn this one feeble offset against the malignant negro-hatred of the South. The Supreme Court has decided that in Indiana, — a State where there never was any rebellion, — the military tribunals had no authority except over soldiers, and has set aside a sentence on a civilian passed by a military Court. Mr. Johnson with indecent haste has used this decision to further his purpose of giving each of the Southern States full freedom to slay or torture its own negroes, without danger of interference from the Central Government. He has revoked as unconstitutional the military order directing the Federal officers to interfere in case of any flagrant repudiation by the Southern Courts of the plain civil rights of the negroes, and has himself dissolved the Commission sitting to try a self-confessed murderer at Richmond, Dr. James L. Watson, who had been acquitted by the local Court, in spite of his own boastful confession of the murder, simply and solely on the ground that negro murder is not murder. In this case a negro coachman called Echols had driven his mistress's carriage against Dr. Watson's. Dr. Watson, the next day, proceeded to cowhide Echols, and on Echols running away called him back under pain of death to undergo more cowhiding, and shot him for not returning. Of this the murderer Watson boasted, and the County Court acquitted him as guiltless of murder. The Military Commission which was sitting to try him is dissolved by Mr. Johnson, on the ground that the Supreme Court had declared trials by military commission in the Northern States, — where there never was any rebellion or need of military authority, — unconstitutional. And Dr. Watson may murder a fresh negro each day of the new year with absolute certainty of impunity, if not of fame. In Maryland the judges, aware that Mr. Johnson vetoed the Civil Rights Bill, which was passed over his veto, and will do nothing to enforce it, are setting it at naught in the most flagrant manner, and on Saturday, 22d December, four negroes were sold for a term of years at Annapolis for some slight offence, — we believe under the vagrant laws, — one of them being actually permitted to *buy himself in*, which he certainly would not have been if the offence had been more than nominal. The other three were sold to farmers for a term of years. Judge Magruder declaring the Civil Rights Bill passed by Congress, which refuses to admit any distinction in

the civil laws founded on colour, as unconstitutional and inconsistent with the law of Maryland. All over the South the same absolute contempt for the civil rights of the negro is shown, under the fostering care of Mr. Johnson's justice. North Carolina papers declare that State ready for a new rebellion on the basis of Mr. Johnson's principles. South Carolina rejects the new Constitutional Amendment, which incorporates the Civil Rights Bill, by 95 to 1. In Memphis, Tennessee, organizations to prevent by terror commercial dealings with loyal shopkeepers are formed. In Missouri the burning down of freedmen's schools is a popular amusement. And everywhere the President's cry is to 'let be,' unless the very people who conspire to do these things interfere by their own Courts or militia to prevent them.

These are not iniquities merely requiring a strong-handed remedy, but mockeries of the whole policy of the war. If this be constitutional,—as our "Yankee" correspondent, in his blind ardour for legalities, boasts,—it was far more constitutional to permit secession at first, than for the nation now, after paying hundreds of millions sterling to prevent secession, to foster all the springs of secession into a new and still more threatening activity. Whatever price must be paid to reap the full fruits of the greatest and most successful of human struggles clearly must be paid. And if so insignificant a President as Mr. Johnson must be thrown overboard to prevent the wreck of the ship in the very sight of port, why no one will regret him, though many may regret the necessity of having to do anything that looks revolutionary for the sake of clearing away so trivial an impediment, which by an unfortunate accident of position is yet a formidable drag on the movement of a great nation.

From the Spectator.

THE EFFECT OF WEATHER ON THE MIND.

"It is the hard gray weather," sings Kingsley, in one of the very best of his slighter pieces, "breeds hard Englishmen," and the verse expresses one of the most popular of English superstitions. It is not a pleasant idea, nevertheless, that the worse the weather the more manly one ought to be, particularly as one isn't, and we feel very much inclined to question whether it has any true or solid foundation. There is a

confusion in it, we fancy, between the effects of bad weather and the effects of that strife with difficulties, when carried on for generations, which undoubtedly strengthens the character of any race submitted to it. We English are all accustomed to say, with that love for avenging oneself on Nature which is so permanent a characteristic of human beings, that the denizens of bad climates are always stronger than the races which "bask" in or otherwise enjoy sunshine, but it is not true. The great races of earth, the races which have done things, which have thought and fought and taught with permanent effect, have lived in almost all climates except the very cold. Most of our ideas of theology come from a small knot of clans belonging to one race which lived in the hot valleys and on the vine-growing hill-sides of the seaboard of Syria, where weather, at all events, is not hard. Grapes of Eshcol dislike gray skies. Half our knowledge comes from the inhabitants of islands and small peninsulas bathed in the eternal summer of the Eastern Mediterranean, where the olive grew without cultivation, and sky-coloured eyes meant eyes of blue. The strongest race which ever lived, the true Roman patrician, lived under a sky for which Englishmen crave in vain, a sky which for ten months in the year is the very reverse of gray, which is, indeed, either blue, deep, perfect blue, yielding enjoyment through its mere clearness, or blazing like molten brass. We never could quite make out, indeed, in a proper theoretic way, what the Roman had to fight in the way of nature in such a climate and on such a soil as his; but of course he had something, or what would Mr. Kingsley do? The most energetic of Asiatic races, the Arab, was produced under a sky which knows not of gray, which is every colour *but* grey, a vicious sky, a malignant sky, scorching the souls out of men, but always, if you could only look up, possessing in calmness its own blue beauty. The only climate on earth exactly like that of England, or differing from it only in being slightly more equal, that of Tasmania, produced the lowest race of savages who ever came in contact with civilized man and died of the meeting. On the other side of the Atlantic our race grows great in all climates, produces under the hard gray weather Yankees proper, under a really beautiful climate the men of the West, and under tropical skies the Southerners, whose special fault is certainly not want of "grit." The theory of grey-ness seems to be as baseless as the counter theory about light. For all *a priori* reasons

light ought to influence brain, but it does not, the English being in acuteness even, and certainly in inductive power more than a match for Bengalees, and inferior to Athenians, with their yet more cloudless atmosphere. Indeed we question if mere grayness of sky does even produce fortitude, the "hardness" Kingsley writes about, whether the Southern Asiatic has *not* more of that quality than the Northern. Strength he has not, but a Bengalee will bear un-moved tortures which would drive a Calmuck mad, or induce him to forswear himself to an unlimited extent. Lighted lucifers placed under a Malay's nails would not induce him to deny his creed or give up a plan upon which he had resolved, and they would induce most Englishmen. It is the contest with difficulties, and especially natural difficulties, which, apart from vexed questions as to the influence of "race" properly so called, makes a people, not the contest with weather, and even that axiom is not invariably true. What had the Athenian to fight in particular except the sea, and that sea the Mediterranean?—or what had the Roman? An Icelandic had twice as much to contend with, or a Malay, and developed just nothing at all, any more than the Finns did, who, in the possession of hard, gray weather, are richer than all mankind, except the islanders of Skye, who have done nothing.

It is quite vexatious to hear an argument so palpably false as Kingsley's pressed, just when everybody is suffering from the hard, gray weather he is so fond of. We do not believe London is a bit the better for the weather of the past fortnight, hard, gray weather of the worst kind, snow, and rain, and wind, and all climatic unpleasantnesses having been ceaseless in their action. On the contrary, we believe it is a good deal worse. There are men of course, generally men with a coat of fat, a swift circulation, and a belief in alcohol, who are the better for a thermometer at 20°. They enjoy it, to begin with, and genuine enjoyment wonderfully quickens all the powers. No wonder angels are tall, and swift, and energetic—*vide pictures passim*—when they always live in heaven. Such men have, too, a sense of superiority to weaker beings, a pleasure as of a great-coated caste, and it is the permanent sense of superiority which constitutes whatever of truth there is in the aristocratic theory. Above all, they get a good fight with limited liability to injury; and a good fight in which one has a hard tussle, and yet cannot feel despair, always brings out the manliness of the strong.

But to the great majority bad weather like that of the past fortnight is, we suspect, a mere evil, a mere exhaustion, a mere consumer of energy without any compensating benefit at all. They either feel bored, or depressed, or, to use a beautiful Suffolk word, which is, we suspect, Saxon, and if it is not, ought to be, "fra'an." Do you know what it is to be "fra'an," reader? It is to feel that your blood will freeze if you do not exert yourself and to be incapable of doing it, to be hungry with cold, thirsty with misery, ready to stamp, if only the wind had left you energy enough. It is not a good-tempered condition or a healthy one, and if hot coffee is procurable, drink it. A bit of energy goes in keeping up the circulation, and a bit more in avoiding depression, and a big bit more in striving vainly to maintain an equable frame of mind. Of course these effects manifest themselves very differently in different temperaments. One man is provoked by bad weather into a chronic ill temper, accompanied by a vague disposition to laziness, and a distinct tendency to snub his wife, as responsible, if not for the weather, at least for that sense of damp elastic which the weather has produced. Another is afflicted with chronic "lowness," modified by a disposition to lugubrious humour, as if rain should patter on flagstones to a faintly comic tune. A third, of whom the writer knows more perhaps than of any other human being, avenges himself on the weather by lazy day-dreaming, and wakes conscious that the world generally is going wrong with him, but very much puzzled to discover why. A fourth, and this is the commonest of all impressions, simply goes about his work a little duller and stupider than he is by nature, remarking, if at all scientific, that he is "a peg too low,—want of ozone in the atmosphere." None of these people benefit by snow, and cold, and rain, and damp, and slush, and burst pipes and the necessity for driving in cabs with wet seats or dripping glasses. Does anybody? Of course, if the victim is compelled by the weather to encounter difficulties, to walk to a newspaper office, say from Paddington, through knee-deep slush, and does conquer them, he is a stronger man thenceforth—provided he does not get a catarrh—or at least English superstition compels us to admit that he is stronger, but the majority of men do *not* conquer weather difficulties. They succumb to them and keep indoors, or put up umbrellas, or take cabs, or make other folk do their work, in a decidedly pusillanimous manner, or get cross and unjust, or swear

audibly, or otherwise lose all the benefit which, according alike to religion and philosophy, they ought to obtain from a trial. Evangelical women always say they like trials, but just ask an evangelical woman, when her nose is red, and her lips blue, and her hands swollen, and her temper up with a journey through sleet, how she enjoys that, and her answer will savour much more of Deborah than of Dorcas. Those who suffer from bad weather are not stronger, for they have usually been defeated, and a repetition of defeats is weakening; nor are their rivals, for they have simply wasted energy in fighting rain and wind which had better have been expended upon more worthy objects. Londoners would have more in them by a great deal if the sky were bright, and the air pure, and the smoke in its proper place, and the snow at home, and the sleet anywhere except exactly between their neckties and their necks. They would fight harder, and work longer, and resist difficulties more strenuously if

umbrellas were not required. The truth about weather is, we believe, that that which a man likes best does him most good, and that many Northerners like cold best, and accept cheerfully any evils which may be inseparable from their favourite temperature. They are happy; and being happy, have of course the advantage over the miserable majority who detest east winds, and hate sleet, and anathematize "slud," and feel miserable if they cannot see the sky at least once a fortnight. The few "feel like fortitude," as the Americans say, and forget that there is no tonic like a little happiness, that nothing strengthens men like the "exceeding peace" to which the weather of the past fortnight is fatal. If a Quaker angel — there must be Quaker angels — had to traverse the Strand in weather like that of Wednesday last that Quaker angel would swear, and how could that make him any better? Harder, *pace* Mr. Kingsley, no angel would willingly become.

A HOUSE AT DAMASCUS. — Accompanied by a most gayly-dressed, showy young Syrian, who speaks English beautifully, we proceeded to pay a visit to Assab, one of the principal men in Damascus, for the purpose of inspecting his very handsome house. When we arrived at the front of the mansion, we were surprised at the meanness of its appearance — at the walls of sunburnt bricks, and the few miserable windows stuck here and there without order or arrangement, possessing no glass, but covered in with a thick lattice formed of cross-bars of wood. Great, however, was the contrast between the exterior of the house and the scene that presented itself when we passed through a door opened by a slave. We saw, to our surprise and pleasure, a spacious and magnificent court paved with Dutch tiles and marble. In the centre of it was a large fountain, bubbling over into a cool, clear, circular reservoir of water filled with pet fish. Around this court extended a range of buildings one story high of a pretty, fantastical style of architecture, decorated with Moorish or Saracenic ornaments. At the upper end of the court was a grotto, or alcove, floored with various coloured marbles, opening on the spacious area, but elevated three steps above it. A rich figured divan extended around the walls, and the little secluded spot presented a cool and delightful smoking retreat, from whence the large court and the murmuring fountain were most agreeably surveyed. Seating ourselves on the soft, luxurious divan, we were served with coffee. Some black slaves, in scarlet dresses, with long white wands, then came to conduct us to see

some of the apartments of the mansion and of the harem, the ladies of which were absent at a summer villa in the garden. The buildings on the western side of the court contained a succession of detached handsome rooms: the floors were covered with a thick matting, and the ceilings were painted in a beautiful manner and with great taste. The walls were adorned with rich carving and gilding; and all around them, raised about a foot and a half from the floor, extended a divan covered with the rich figured mixed silk and cotton stuff of Damascus manufacture. The grand saloon or reception-hall, on the ground floor, on the northern side of the court, in which strangers and visitors are received, was by far the finest apartment of the place. We first came on to a square floor paved with different coloured marbles, having a fountain in the centre, and overhead a handsomely painted and gilded ceiling. From this floor we ascended by steps to other raised floors, paved with marble and covered with a very handsome matting. Scrolls and different devices were painted around the walls, something in the Chinese style, and divans extended around the apartment, placed against the wall. Gilded bowls of sherbet were handed round, and slices of lemon and chopped almonds floating in it; then came a black slave, who held in his hands an embroidered handkerchief, which he just pressed to our lips when we had ceased drinking. The presence of the slaves was commanded by clapping of hands, as mentioned in the "Arabian Nights." Cups of coffee were then again handed round. — *Baillie.*

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Souchey left the room with the note, Nina went to the door and listened. She heard him turn the lock below, and heard his step out in the courtyard, and listened till she knew that he was crossing the square. Then she ran quickly up to her own room, put on her hat and her old worn cloak — the cloak which aunt Sophie had given her — and returned once more into the parlour. She looked round the room with anxious eyes, and seeing her desk, she took the key from her pocket and put it into the lock. Then there came a thought into her mind as to the papers; but she resolved that the thought need not arrest her, and she left the key in the lock with the papers untouched. Then she went to the door of her father's room, and stood there for a moment with her hand upon the latch. She tried it ever so gently, but she found that the door was bolted. The bolt, she knew, was on her side, and she could withdraw it; but she did not do so, seeming to take the impediment as though it were a sufficient bar against her entrance. Then she ran down the stairs rapidly, opened the front door, and found herself out in the night air.

It was a cold windy night — not so late, indeed, as to have made her feel that it was night, had she not come from the gloom of the dark parlour, and the glimmer of her one small lamp. It was now something beyond the middle of October, and at present it might be eight o'clock. She knew that there would be moonlight, and she looked up at the sky; but the clouds were all dark, though she could see that they were moving along with the gusts of wind. It was very cold, and she drew her cloak closer about her as she stepped out into the archway.

Up above her, almost close to her in the gloom of the night, there was the long colonnade of the palace, with the lights glimmering in the windows as they always glimmered. She allowed herself for a moment to think who might be there in those rooms — as she had so often thought before. It was possible that Anton might be there. He had been there once before at this time in the evening, as he himself had told her. Wherever he might be, was he thinking of her? But if he thought of her, he was thinking of her as one who had deceived him, who had tried to rob him. Ah! the day would soon come in which he would learn that he had wronged her. When that day should come, would his heart be bitter within him? "He will certainly be unhappy for a time," she said; "but he is hard and will recover, and she will console him. It will be better so. A Christian and a Jew should never love each other."

As she stood the clouds were lifted for a moment from the face of the risen moon, and she could see by the pale clear light the whole façade of the palace as it ran along the steep hillside above her. She could count the arches, as she had so often counted them by the same light. They seemed to be close over her head, and she stood there thinking of them, till the

clouds had again skurried across the moon's face, and she could only see the accustomed glimmer in the windows. As her eye fell upon the well-known black buildings around her, she found that it was very dark. It was well for her that it should be so dark. She never wanted to see the light again.

There was a footstep on the other side of the square, and she paused till it had passed away beyond the reach of her ears. Then she came out from under the archway, and hurried across the square to the street which led to the bridge. It was a dark gloomy lane, narrow, and composed of high buildings without entrances, the sides of barracks and old palaces. From the windows above her head on the left, she heard the voices of soldiers. A song was being sung, and she could hear the words. How cruel it was that other people should have so much of light-hearted joy in the world, but that for her everything should have been so terribly sad! The wind, as it met her, seemed to penetrate to her bones. She was very cold! But it was useless to regard that. There was no place on the face of the earth that would ever be warm for her.

As she passed along the causeway leading to the bridge, a sound with which she was very familiar met her ears. They were singing vespers under the shadow of one of the great statues which are placed one over each arch of the bridge. There was a lay friar standing by a little table, on which there was a white cloth and a lighted lamp and a small crucifix; and above the crucifix, supported against the stonework of the bridge, there was a picture of the Virgin with her Child, and there was a tawdry wreath of paper flowers, so that by the light of the lamp you could see that a little altar had been prepared. And on the table there was a plate containing kreutzers, into which the faithful, who passed and took a part in the evening psalm of praise, might put an offering for the honour of the Virgin, and for the benefit of the poor friar and his brethren in their poor cloisters at home. Nina knew all about it well. Scores of times had she stood on the same spot upon the bridge, and sung the vesper hymn, ere she passed on to the Kleinseite.

And now she paused and sang it once again. Around the table upon the pavement there stood, perhaps, thirty or forty persons, most of them children and the remainder girls, perhaps of Nina's age. And the friar stood close by the table, leaning idly against the bridge, with his eye wandering from the little plate with the kreutzers to the passers-by who might possibly contribute. And ever and anon he with drawling voice would commence some sentence of the hymn, and then the girls and children would take it up, well knowing the accustomed words; and their voices as they sang would sound sweetly across the waters, the loud gurgling of which, as they ran beneath the arch, would be heard during the pauses.

And Nina stopped and sang. When she was a child she had sung there very often, and the

friar of those days would put his hand upon her head and bless her, as she brought her small piece of tribute to his plate. Of late, since she had been at variance with the Church by reason of the Jew, she had always passed by rapidly, as though feeling that she had no longer any right to take a part in such a ceremony. But now she had done with the Jew, and surely she might sing the vespers song. So she stopped and sang, remembering not the less as she sang, that that which she was about to do, if really done, would make all such singing unavailing for her.

But then, perhaps, even yet it might not be done. Lotta's first prediction, that the Jew would desert her, had certainly come true, and Lotta's second prediction, that there would then be nothing left for her but to drown herself, seemed to her to be true also. She had left the house in which her father's dead body was still lying, with this purpose. Doubly deserted as she now was by lover and father, she could live no longer. It might, however, be possible that that saint who was so powerful over the waters might yet do something for her, — might yet interpose on her behalf, knowing, as he did, of course, that all idea of marriage between her, a Christian, and her Jew lover, had been abandoned. At any rate she stood and sang the hymn, and when there came the accustomed lull at the end of the verse, she felt in her pocket for a coin, and, taking a piece of ten kreutzers, she stepped quickly up to the plate and put it in. A day or two ago ten kreutzers was an important portion of the little sum which she still had left in hand, but now ten kreutzers could do nothing for her. It was at any rate better that the friar should have it than that her money should go with her down into the blackness of the river. Nevertheless she did not give the friar all. She saw one girl whispering to another as she stepped up to the table, and she heard her own name. "That is Nina Balatka." And then there was an answer which she did not hear, but which she was sure referred to the Jew. The girls looked at her with angry eyes, and she longed to stop and explain to them that she was no longer betrothed to the Jew. Then, perhaps, they would be gentle with her, and she might yet hear a kind word spoken to her before she went. But she did not speak to them. No; she would never speak to man or woman again. What was the use of speaking now? No sympathy that she could receive would go deep enough to give relief to such wounds as hers.

As she dropped her piece of money into the plate, her eyes met those of the friar, and she recognized at once a man whom she had known years ago, at the same spot and engaged in the same work. He was old and haggard, and thin and gray, and very dirty; but there came a smile over his face as he also recognized her. He could not speak to her, for he had to take up a verse in the hymn, and draw out the words which were to set the crowd singing, and Nina had retired back again before he was si-

lent. But she knew that he had known her, and she almost felt that she had found a friend who would be kind to her. On the morrow, when inquiry would be made — and aunt Sophie would certainly be loud in her inquiries — this friar would be able to give some testimony respecting her.

She passed on altogether across the bridge, in order that she might reach the spot she desired without observation — and perhaps also with some halting idea that she might thus postpone the evil moment. The figure of St. John Nepomucene rested on the other balustrade of the bridge, and she was minded to stand for a while under its shadow. Now, at Prague it is the custom that they who pass over the bridge shall always take the right-hand path as they go; and she, therefore, in coming from the Kleinseite, had taken that opposite to the statue of the saint. She had thought of this, and had told herself that she would cross the roadway in the middle of the bridge; but at that moment the moon was shining brightly; and then, too, the night was long. Why need she be in a hurry?

At the farther end of the bridge she stood a while in the shade of the watch-tower, and looked anxiously around her. When last she had been over in the Old Town, within a short distance of the spot where she now stood, she had chanced to meet her lover. What if she should see him now? She was sure that she would not speak to him. And yet she looked very anxiously up the dark street, through the glimmer of the dull lamps. First there came one man, and then another, and a third; and she thought, as her eyes fell upon them, that the figure of each was the figure of Anton Trendelsohn. But as they emerged from the darker shadow into the light that was near, she saw that it was not so, and she told herself that she was glad. If Anton were to come and find her there, it might be that he would disturb her purpose. But yet she looked again before she left the shadow of the tower. Now there was no one passing in the street. There was no figure there to make her think that her lover was coming either to save her or to disturb her.

Taking the pathway on the other side she turned her face again towards the Kleinseite, and very slowly crept along under the balustrade of the bridge. This bridge over the Moldau is remarkable in many ways, but it is specially remarkable for the largeness of its proportions. It is very long, taking its spring from the shore a long way before the actual margin of the river; it is of a fine breadth; the side-walks to it are high and massive; and the groups of statues with which it is ornamented, though not in themselves of much value as works of art, have a dignity by means of their immense size which they lend to the causeway, making the whole thing noble, grand, and impressive. And below, the Moldau runs with a fine, silent, dark volume of water, — a very sea of waters when the rains have fallen and the little rivers have been full, though in times of

drought great patches of ugly dry land are to be seen in its half-empty bed. At the present moment there were no such patches; and the waters ran by, silent, black, in great volumes, and with unchecked rapid course. It was only by pausing specially to listen to them that the passer-by could hear them as they glided smoothly round the piers of the bridge. Nina did pause and did hear them. They would have been almost less terrible to her, had the sound been rougher and louder.

On she went, very slowly. The moon, she thought, had disappeared altogether before she reached the cross inlaid in the stone on the bridge-side, on which she was accustomed to lay her fingers in order that she might share somewhat of the saint's power over the river. At that moment as she came up to it the night was very dark. She had calculated that by this time the light of the moon would have waned, so that she might climb to the spot which she had marked for herself without observation. She paused, hesitating whether she would put her hand upon the cross. It could not at least do her any harm. It might be that the saint would be angry with her, accusing her of hypocrisy; but what would be the saint's anger for so small a thing amidst the multitudes of charges that would be brought against her? For that which she was going to do now there could be no absolution given. And perhaps the saint might perceive that the deed on her part was not altogether hypocritical—that there was something in it of a true prayer. He might see this, and intervene to save her from the waters. So she put the palm of her little hand full upon the cross, and then kissed it heartily, and after that raised it up again till it rested on the foot of the saint. As she stood there she heard the departing voices of the girls and children singing the last verse of the vesper hymn, as they followed the friar off the causeway of the bridge into the Kleinseite.

She was determined that she would per-*ever*e. She had endured that which made it impossible that she should recede, and had sworn to herself a thousand times that she would never endure that which would have to be endured if she remained longer in this cruel world. There would be no roof to cover her now but the roof in the Windberg-gasse, beneath which there was to her a hell upon earth. No; she would face the anger of all the saints rather than eat the bitter bread which her aunt would provide for her. And she would face the anger of all the saints rather than fall short in her revenge upon her lover. She had given herself to him altogether,—for him she had been half-starved, when, but for him, she might have lived as a favoured daughter in her aunt's house,—for him she had made it impossible to herself to regard any other man with a spark of affection,—for his sake she had hated her cousin Ziska—her cousin who was handsome, and young, and rich, and had loved her,—feeling that the very idea that she could accept love from any one but Anton had been an insult to her. She had

trusted Anton as though his word had been gospel to her. She had obeyed him in everything, allowing him to scold her as though she were already subject to his rule; and, to speak the truth, she had enjoyed such treatment, obtaining from it a certain assurance that she was already his own. She had loved him entirely, had trusted him altogether, had been prepared to bear all that the world could fling upon her for his sake, wanting nothing in return but that he should know that she was true to him.

This he had not known, nor had he been able to understand such truth. It had not been possible to him to know it. The inborn suspicion of his nature had broken out in opposition to his love, forcing her to acknowledge to herself that she had been wrong in loving a Jew. He had been unable not to suspect her of some vile scheme by which she might possibly cheat him of his property, if at the last moment she should not become his wife. She told herself that she understood it all now—that she could see into his mind, dark and gloomy as were its recesses. She had wasted all her heart upon a man who had never even believed in her; and would she not be revenged upon him? Yes, she would be revenged, and she would cure the malady of her own love by the only possible remedy within her reach.

The statue of St. John Nepomucene is a single figure, standing in melancholy weeping posture on the balustrade of the bridge, without any of that ponderous strength of widespread stone which belongs to the other groups. This St. John is always pictured to us as a thin, melancholy, half-starved saint, who has had all the life washed out of him by his long immersion. There are saints to whom a trusting religious heart can turn, relying on their apparent physical capabilities. St. Mark, for instance, is always a tower of strength, and St. Christopher is very stout, and St. Peter carries with him an ancient manliness which makes one marvel at his cowardice when he denied his Master. St. Lawrence, too, with his gridiron, and St. Bartholomew with his flaying knife and his own skin hanging over his own arm, look as though they liked their martyrdom, and were proud of it, and could be useful on an occasion. But this St. John of the Bridges has no pride in his appearance, and no strength in his look. He is a mild, meek saint, teaching one rather by his attitude how to bear with the malice of the waters, than offering any protection against their violence. But now, at this moment, his aid was the only aid to which Nina could look with any hope. She had heard of his rescuing many persons from death amidst the current of the Moldau. Indeed she thought that she could remember having been told that the river had no power to drown those who could turn their minds to him when they were struggling in the water. Whether this applied only to those who were in sight of his statue on the bridge of Prague, or whether it was good in all rivers of the world, she did not know. Then she tried to think whether she had ever heard of any case in which

the saint had saved one who had — who had done the thing which she was now about to do. She was almost sure that she had never heard of such a case as that. But, then, was there not something special in her own case? Was not her suffering so great, her condition so piteous, that the saint would be driven to compassion in spite of the greatness of her sin? Would he not know that she was punishing the Jew by the only punishment with which she could reach him? She looked up into the saint's wan face, and fancied that no eyes were ever so piteous, no brow ever so laden with the deep suffering of compassion. But would this punishment reach the heart of Anton Trendellsohn? Would he care for it? When he should hear that she had — destroyed her own life because she could not endure the cruelty of his suspicion, would the tidings make him unhappy? When last they had been together, he had told her, with all that energy which he knew so well how to put into his words, that her love was necessary to his happiness. "I will never release you from your promises," he had said, when she offered to give him back his troth because of the ill-will of his people. And she still believed him. Yes, he did love her. There was something of consolation to her in the assurance that the strings of his heart would be wrung when he should hear of this. If his bosom were capable of agony, he would be agonized.

It was very dark at this moment, and now was the time for her to climb upon the stonework and hide herself behind the drapery of the saint's statue. More than once, as she had crossed the bridge, she had observed the spot, and had told herself that if such a deed were to be done, that would be the place for doing it. She had always been conscious, since the idea had entered her mind, that she would lack the power to step boldly up on to the parapet and go over at once, as the bathers do when they tumble headlong into the stream that has no dangers for them. She had known that she must crouch, and pause, and think of it, and look at it, and nerve herself with the memory of her wrongs. Then, at some moment in which her heart was wrung to the utmost, she would gradually slacken her hold, and the dark, black, silent river should take her. She climbed up into the niche, and found that the river was very far from her, though death was so near to her and the fall would be so easy. When she became aware that there was nothing between her and the great void space below her, nothing to guard her, nothing left to her in all the world to protect her, she retreated, and descended again to the pavement. And never in her life had she moved with more care, lest, inadvertently, a foot or a hand might slip, and she might tumble to her doom against her will.

When she was again on the pathway, she remembered her note to Anton — that note which was already in his hands. What would he think of her if she were only to threaten the deed, and then not perform it? And would she allow him to go unpunished? Should he

triumph, as he would do if she were now to return to the house which she had told him she had left? She clasped her hands together tightly, and pressed them first to her bosom and then to her brow, and then again she returned to the niche from which the fall into the river must be made. Yes, it was very easy. The plunge might be taken at any moment. Eternity was before her, and of life there remained to her but the few moments in which she might cling there and think of what was coming. Surely she need not begrudge herself a minute or two more of life.

She was very cold, so cold that she pressed herself against the stone in order that she might save herself from the wind that whistled round her. But the water would be colder still than the wind, and when once there she could never again be warm. The chill of the night, and the blackness of the gulf before her, and the smooth rapid gurgle of the dark moving mass of waters beneath, were together more horrid to her imagination than even death itself. Thrice she released herself from her backward pressure against the stone, in order that she might fall forward and have done with it, but as often she found herself returning involuntarily to the protection which still remained to her. It seemed as though she could not fall. Though she would have thought that another must have gone directly to destruction if placed where she was crouching — though she would have trembled with agony to see any one perched in such danger — she appeared to be firm fixed. She must jump forth boldly, or the river would not take her. Ah! what if it were so — that the saint who stood over her, and whose cross she had so lately kissed, would not let her perish from beneath his feet? In these moments her mind wandered in a maze of religious doubts and fears, and she entertained, unconsciously, enough of doctrinal scepticism to found a school of free-thinkers. Could it be that God would punish her with everlasting torments because in her agony she was driven to this as her only mode of relief? Would there be no measuring of her sins against her sorrows, and no account taken of the simplicity of her life? She looked up towards heaven, not praying in words, but with a prayer in her heart. For her there could be no absolution, no final blessing. The act of her going would be an act of terrible sin. But God would know all, and would surely take some measure of her case. He could save her if He would, despite every priest in Prague. More than one passenger had walked by while she was crouching in her niche beneath the statue — had passed by and had not seen her. Indeed, the night at present was so dark that one standing still and looking for her would hardly be able to define her figure. And yet, dark as it was, she could see something of the movement of the waters beneath her, some shimmer produced by the gliding movement of the stream. Ah! she would go now and have done with it. Every moment that she remained was but an added agony.

Then, at that moment, she heard a voice on the bridge near her, and she crouched close again, in order that the passenger might pass by without noticing her. She did not wish that any one should hear the splash of her plunge, or be called on to make ineffectual efforts to save her. So she would wait again. The voice drew nearer to her, and suddenly she became aware that it was Souchev's voice. It was Souchev, and he was not alone. It must be Anton who had come out with him to seek her, and to save her. But no. He should have no such relief as that from his coming sorrow. So she clung fast, waiting till they should pass, but still leaning a little towards the causeway, so that, if it were possible, she might see the figures as they passed. She heard the voice of Souchev quite plain, and then she perceived that Souchev's companion was a woman. Something of the gentleness of a woman's voice reached her ear, but she could distinguish no word that was spoken. The steps were now very close to her, and with terrible anxiety she peeped out to see who might be Souchev's companion. She saw the figure, and she knew at once by the hat that it was Rebecca Loth. They were walking fast, and were close to her now. They would be gone in an instant.

On a sudden, at the very moment that Souchev and Rebecca were in the act of passing beneath the feet of the saint, the clouds swept by from off the disc of the waning moon, and the three faces were looking at each other in the clear pale light of the night. Souchev started back and screamed. Rebecca leaped forward and put the grasp of her hand tight upon the skirt of Nina's dress, first one hand and then the other, and, pressing forward with her body against the parapet, she got a hold also of Nina's foot. She perceived instantly what was the girl's purpose, but, by God's blessing on her efforts, there should be no cold form found in the river that night; or, if one, then there should be two. Nina kept her hold against the figure, appalled, dumbfounded, awe-stricken, but still with some inner consciousness of salvation that comforted her. Whether her life was due to the saint or to the Jewess she knew not, but she acknowledged to herself silently that death was beyond her reach, and she was grateful.

"Nina," said Rebecca. Nina still crouched against the stone, with her eyes fixed on the other girl's face; but she was unable to speak. The clouds had again obscured the moon, and the air was again black, but the two now could see each other in the darkness, or feel that they did so. "Nina, Nina—why are you here?"

"I do not know," said Nina, shivering.

"For the love of God take care of her," said Souchev, "or she will be over into the river."

"She cannot fall now," said Rebecca.

"Nina, will you not come down to me? You are very cold. Come down, and I will warm you."

"I am very cold," said Nina. Then gradually she slid down into Rebecca's arms, and was placed sitting on a little step immediately below

the figure of St. John. Rebecca knelt by her side, and Nina's head fell upon the shoulder of the Jewess. Then she burst into the violence of hysterics, but after a moment or two a flood of tears relieved her.

"Why have you come to me?" she said.

"Why have you not left me alone?"

"Dear Nina, your sorrows have been too heavy for you to bear."

"Yes; they have been very heavy."

"We will comfort you, and they shall be softened."

"I do not want comfort. I only want to—to go."

While Rebecca was chafing Nina's hands and feet, and tying a handkerchief from off her own shoulders round Nina's neck, Souchev stood over them, not knowing what to propose. "Perhaps we had better carry her back to the old house," he said.

"I will not be carried back," said Nina.

"No, dear; the house is desolate and cold. You shall not go there. You shall come to our house, and we will do for you the best we can there, and you shall be comfortable. There is no one there but mother, and she is kind and gracious. She will understand that your father has died, and that you are alone."

Nina, as she heard this, pressed her head and shoulders close against Rebecca's body. As it was not to be allowed to her to escape from all her troubles, as she had thought to do, she would prefer the neighbourhood of the Jews to that of any Christians. There was no Christian now who would say a kind word to her. Rebecca spoke to her very kindly, and was soft and gentle with her. She could not go where she would be alone. Even if left to do so, all physical power would fail her. She knew that she was weak as a child is weak, and that she must submit to be governed. She thought it would be better to be governed by Rebecca Loth at the present moment than by any one else whom she knew. Rebecca had spoken of her mother, and Nina was conscious of a faint wish that there had been no such person in her friend's house; but this was a minor trouble, and one which she could afford to disregard amidst all her sorrows. How much more terrible would have been her fate had she been carried away to aunt Sophie's house! "Does he know?" she said, whispering the question into Rebecca's ear.

"Yes, he knows. It was he who sent me." Why did he not come himself? That question flashed across Nina's mind,—and it was present also to Rebecca. She knew that it was the question which Nina, within her heart, would silently ask. "I was there when the note came," said Rebecca, "and he thought that a woman could do more than a man. I am so glad he sent me—so very glad. Shall we go, dear?"

Then Nina rose from her seat, and stood up, and began to move slowly. Her limbs were stiff with cold, and at first she could hardly walk; but she did not feel that she would be

unable to make the journey. Souchey came to her side, but she rejected his arm petulantly. "Do not let him come," she said to Rebecca. "I will do whatever you tell me; I will indeed." Then the Jewess said a word or two to the old man, and he retreated from Nina's side, but stood looking at her till she was out of sight. Then he returned home to the cold desolate house in the Kleinseite, where his only companion was the lifeless body of his old master. But Souchey, as he left his young mistress, made no complaint of her treatment of him. He knew that he had betrayed her, and brought her close upon the step of death's door. He could understand it all now. Indeed he had understood it all since the first word that Anton Trendellsohn had spoken after reading Nina's note.

"She will destroy herself," Anton had said.

"What!—Nina, my mistress?" said Souchey. Then, while Anton had called Rebecca to him, Souchey had seen it all. "Master," he said, when the Jew returned to him, "it was Lotta Luxa who put the paper in the desk. Nina knew nothing of its being there." Then the Jew's heart sank coldly within him, and his conscience became hot within his bosom. He lost nothing of his presence of mind, but simply hurried Rebecca upon her errand. "I shall see you again to-night," he said to the girl.

"You must come then to our house," said Rebecca. "It may be that I shall not be able to leave it."

Rebecca, as she led Nina back across the bridge, at first said nothing further. She pressed the other girl's arm within her own, and there was much of tenderness and regard in the pressure. She was silent, thinking, perhaps, that any speech might be painful to her companion. But Nina could not restrain herself from a question. "What will they say of me?"

"No one, dear, shall say anything."

"But he knows."

"I know not what he knows, but his knowledge, whatever it be, is only food for his love. You may be sure of his love, Nina—quite sure, quite sure. You may take my word for that. If that has been your doubt, you have doubted wrongly."

Not all the healing medicines of Mercury, not wine from the flasks of the gods, could have given Nina life and strength as did those words from her rival's lips. All her memory of his offences against her had again gone in her thought of her own sin. Would he forgive her and still love her? Yes; she was a weak woman—very weak; but she had that one strength which is sufficient to atone for all feminine weakness,—she could really love; or rather, having loved, she could not cease to love. Anger had no effect on her love, or was as water thrown on blazing coal, which makes it burn more fiercely. Ill usage could not crush her love. Reason, either from herself or others, was unavailing against it. Religion had no power over it. Her love had become her religion to Nina. It took the place of all things

both in heaven and earth. Mild as she was by nature, it made her a tigress to those who opposed it. It was all the world to her. She had tried to die, because her love had been wounded; and now she was ready to live again because she was told that her lover—the lover who had used her so cruelly—still loved her. She pressed Rebecca's arm close into her side. "I shall be better soon," she said. Rebecca did not doubt that Nina would soon be better, but of her own improvement she was by no means so certain.

They walked on through the narrow crooked streets into the Jews' quarter, and soon stood at the door of Rebecca's house. The latch was loose, and they entered, and they found a lamp ready for them on the stairs. "Had you not better come to my bed for to-night?" said Rebecca.

"Only that I should be in your way, I should be so glad."

"You shall not be in my way. Come, then. But first you must eat and drink." Though Nina declared that she could not eat a morsel, and wanted no drink but water, Rebecca tended upon her, bringing the food and wine that were in truth so much needed. "And now, dear, I will help you to bed. You are yet cold, and there you will be warm."

"But when shall I see him?"

"Nay, how can I tell? But, Nina, I will not keep him from you. He shall come to you here when he chooses—if you choose it also."

"I do choose it—I do choose it," said Nina, sobbing in her weakness—conscious of her weakness.

While Rebecca was yet assisting Nina—the Jewess kneeling as the Christian sat on the bedside—there came a low rap at the door, and Rebecca was summoned away. "I shall be but a moment," she said, and she ran down to the front door.

"Is she here?" said Anton, hoarsely.

"Yes, she is here."

"The Lord be thanked. And can I not see her?"

"You cannot see her now, Anton. She is very weary, and all but in bed."

"To-morrow I may come?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"And, tell me, how did you find her? Where did you find her?"

"To-morrow, Anton, you shall be told,—whatever there is to tell. For to-night, is it not enough for you to know that she is with me? She will share my bed, and I will be as a sister to her."

Then Anton spoke a word of warm blessing to his friend, and went his way home.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY in the following year, while the ground was yet bound with frost, and the great plains of Bohemia were still covered with snow, a Jew and his wife took their leave of Prague,

and started for one of the great cities of the west. They carried with them but little of the outward signs of wealth, and but few of those appurtenances of comfort which generally fall to the lot of brides among the rich; the man, however, was well to do in the world, and was one who was not likely to bring his wife to want. It need hardly be said that Anton Trendellsohn was the man, and that Nina Balatka was his wife.

On the eve of their departure, Nina and her friend the Jewess had said farewell to each other. "You will write to me from Frankfort?" said Rebecca.

"Indeed I will," said Nina; "and you, you will write to me often, very often?"

"As often as you will wish it."

"I shall wish it always," said Nina; "and you can write; you are clever. You know how to make your words say what there is in your heart."

"But you have been able to make your face more eloquent than any words."

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca! Why was it that he did not love such a one as you rather than me? You are more beautiful."

"But he at least has not thought so."

"And you are so clever, and so good; and you could have given him help which I never can give him."

"He does not want help. He wants to have by his side a sweet soft nature that can refresh him by its contrast to his own. He has done right to love you, and to make you his wife; only, I could wish that you were as we are in religion." To this Nina made no answer. She could not promise that she would change her religion, but she thought that she would endeavour to do so. She would do so if the saints would let her. "I am glad you are going away, Nina," continued Rebecca. "It will be better for him and better for you."

"Yes, it will be better."

"And it will be better for me also." Then Nina threw herself on Rebecca's neck and wept. She could say nothing in words in answer to that last assertion. If Rebecca really loved the man who was now the husband of another, of course it would be better that they should be apart. But Nina, who knew herself to be weak, could not understand that Rebecca, who was so strong, should have loved as she had loved.

"If you have daughters," said Rebecca, "and if he will let you name one of them after me, I shall be glad." Nina swore that if God gave her such a treasure as a daughter, that child should be named after the friend who had been so good to her.

There were also a few words of parting between Anton Trendellsohn and the girl who had been brought up to believe that she was to be his wife; but though there was friendship in them, there was not much of tenderness. "I hope you will prosper where you are going," said Rebecca, as she gave the man her hand.

"I do not fear but that I shall prosper, Rebecca."

"No; you will become rich, and perhaps great—as great, that is, as we Jews can make ourselves."

"I hope you will live to hear that the Jews are not crushed elsewhere as they are here in Prague."

"But, Anton, you will not cease to love the old city where your fathers and friends have lived so long?"

"I will never cease to love those, at least, whom I leave behind me. Farewell, Rebecca;" and he attempted to draw her to him as though he would kiss her. But she withdrew from him, very quietly, with no mark of anger, with no ostentation of refusal. "Farewell," she said. "Perhaps we shall see each other after many years."

Trendellsohn, as he sat beside his young wife in the post-carriage which took them out of the city, was silent till he had come nearly to the outskirts of the town; and then he spoke. "Nina," he said, "I am leaving behind me, and for ever, much that I love well."

"And it is for my sake," she said. "I feel it daily, hourly. It makes me almost wish that you had not loved me."

"But I take with me that which I love infinitely better than all that Prague contains. I will not, therefore, allow myself a regret. Though I should never see the old city again, I will always look upon my going as a good thing done." Nina could only answer him by caressing his hand, and by making internal oaths that her very best should be done in every moment of her life to make him contented with the lot he had chosen.

There remains very little of the tale to be told—nothing, indeed, of Nina's tale—and very little to be explained. Nina slept in peace at Rebecca's house that night on which she had been rescued from death upon the bridge—or, more probably, lay awake anxiously thinking what might yet be her fate. She had been very near to death—so near that she shuddered, even beneath the warmth of the bed-clothes, and with the protection of her friend so close to her, as she thought of those long dreadful minutes she had passed crouching over the river at the feet of the statue. She had been very near to death, and for a while could hardly realize the fact of her safety. She knew that she was glad to have been saved; but what might come next was, at that moment, all vague, uncertain, and utterly beyond her own control. She hardly ventured to hope more than that Anton Trendellsohn would not give her up to Madame Zamenoy. If he did, she must seek the river again, or some other mode of escape from that worst of fates. But Rebecca had assured her of Anton's love, and in Rebecca's words she had a certain, though a dreamy, faith. The night was long, but she wished it to be longer. To be there and to feel that she was warm and safe was almost happiness for her after the misery she had endured.

On the next day, and for a day or two afterwards, she was feverish and she did not rise,

but Rebecca's mother came to her, and Ruth, — and at last Anton himself. She never could quite remember how those few days were passed, or what was said, or how it came to be arranged that she was to stay for a while in Rebecca's house; that she was to stay there for a long while, — till such time as she should become a wife, and leave it for a house of her own. She never afterwards had any clear conception, though she very often thought of it all, how it came to be a settled thing among the Jews around her, that she was to be Anton's wife, and that Anton was to take her away from Prague. But she knew that her lover's father had come to her, and that he had been kind, and that there had been no reproach cast upon her for the wickedness she had attempted. Nor was it till she found herself going to mass all alone on the third Sunday that she remembered that she was still a Christian, and that her lover was still a Jew. "It will not seem so strange to you when you are away in another place," Rebecca said to her afterwards. "It will be good for both of you that you should be away from Prague."

Nor did Nina hear much of the attempts which the Zamenoy's made to rescue her from the hands of the Jews. Anton once asked her very gravely whether she was quite certain that she did not wish to see her aunt. "Indeed, I am," said Nina, becoming pale at the idea of the suggested meeting. "Why should I see her? She has always been cruel to me." Then Anton explained to her that Madame Zamenoy had made a formal demand to see her niece, and had even lodged with the police a statement that Nina was being kept in durance in the Jews' quarter; but the accusation was too manifestly false to receive attention even

when made against a Jew, and Nina had reached an age which allowed her to choose her own friends without interposition from the law. "Only," said Anton, "it is necessary that you should know your own mind."

"I do know it," said Nina, eagerly.

And she saw Madame Zamenoy no more, nor her uncle Karil, nor her cousin Ziska. Though she lived in the same city with them for three months after the night on which she had been taken to Rebecca's house, she never again was brought into contact with her relations. Lotta she once saw, when walking in the street with Ruth; and Lotta too saw her, and endeavoured to address her: but Nina fled, to the great delight of Ruth, who ran with her; and Lotta Luxa was left behind at the street corner.

I do not know that Nina ever had a more clearly-defined idea of the trick that Lotta had played upon her than was conveyed to her by the sight of the deed as it was taken from her desk, and the knowledge that Souchey had put her lover upon the track. She soon learned that she was acquitted altogether by Anton, and she did not care for learning more. Of course there had been a trick. Of course there had been deceit. Of course her aunt and Lotta Luxa and Ziska, who was the worst of them all, had had their hands in it! But what did it signify? They had failed, and she had been successful. Why need she inquire farther?

But Souchey, who repented himself thoroughly of his treachery, spoke his mind freely to Lotta Luxa. "No," said he, "not if you had ten times as many florins, and were twice as clever, for you nearly drove me to be the murderer of my mistress."

The *Journal of Science*, an excellent sixpenny monthly organ of the 'Inventor's Institute,' endeavours to revive discussion of the old schemes proposed by two eminent engineers for abolishing the Straits of Dover, so far as regards the break there made in railway communication between England and France. Mr. Fowler is for a steam-ferry of vessels large enough to allow trains to run on board of them, carry them across the water without disturbing passengers or luggage, and let them run off at a French railway pier, corresponding to the English one by which they came on board. There is already a steam-ferry for trains across the Frith of Forth. Mr. Hawkshaw is for a tunnel, and thinks that, in

the present state of engineering science, that is practicable. Now, it is said, the Mont Cenis tunnel has been eight years in construction, and is half completed at the rate of rather more than 800 yards a year. If all went well, the Straits of Dover might have a tunnel under them got through in fifty years.

M. Coulvier Gravier, at a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, suggested that the meteoric shower of November, 1866, was only the precursor of a grander display in November, 1867, the really great showers being thirty-four years apart, and the last of them in 1833, which was preceded by a display of less magnitude in 1832.

From the London Review, 6th January.

NAPOLEON ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

THE diplomatists and courtiers who assembled at the Tuileries on New Year's-day were no doubt too courteous and too well schooled to betray their consciousness of the fact; but they must have felt that, as compared with previous years, there was a considerable diminution in the importance of the ceremony at which they were assisting. Since the Emperor Napoleon foreshadowed the Italian war by his brusque speech to the Austrian ambassador on the 1st January, 1859, Europe has listened with a curiosity, not unminged with anxiety, to the words which might fall from his Majesty on each similar occasion. It is true that for the last few years the oracle has been very reserved, and that the most elaborate commentators have been unable to extract much meaning from its utterances. But still the very fact that the commonplaces of a New Year's-day reception were subjected to this critical scrutiny, and that men dwelt upon them line by line and word by word, seeking to extract from them some hidden meaning, was a sufficient indication of the position which the speaker occupied by the general consent of Europe. If he was not recognized as a dictator, it was at least tacitly admitted that he had no equal amongst the Continental sovereigns. He was supposed to be the arbiter of events; and even so lately as last year no one would have supposed it possible that any important territorial or political change should take place in Europe without his consent, much less in opposition to his will. The *prestige* which he had so carefully acquired, the reputation which he had built up by many astute and many hazardous devices, has however crumbled away within the past twelve-month. He is not merely seen to be less powerful than he was thought; but he is also discovered to be less wise and foreseeing. It is not only as the ruler of France, but as Louis Napoleon, that his pre-eminence has been rudely shaken. It is apparent that he has both suffered and deserved defeat. His Mexican and his German policy have not only been unsuccessful, but it is now obvious that they were based on a series of miscalculations and mistakes. Seduced by the brilliant vision of erecting a new empire in the ancient dominions of Montezuma, and of extending the influence of the Latin race, his Majesty forgot, or disdained to inquire, whether he could count upon the hearty support of his subjects in such an enterprise; and what was even still more important, he committed the error of assuming that the American Union and the Monroe doctrine were numbered with the things of the past. We all know the result. Even while there seemed to be some chance of success, the French people cared nothing for the glory to be gained, but did care a great deal for the lives and money certain to be sacrificed in a series of Transatlantic campaigns. From the very first it was evident

that his Majesty had gratuitously encumbered himself with a domestic difficulty without having the slightest prospect of reaping any substantial advantage. But he might have got over this error had victory eventually crowned his efforts. The world at large would have readily pardoned the doubtful policy and the still more doubtful morality of the Mexican expedition in consideration of the benefit which it would have derived from the establishment of a settled Government in one of the most fertile and productive regions of the earth. For failure in such an enterprise there is, however, no pardon; nor could anything well be more humiliating than the undisguised retreat of a French army before the diplomatic notes of Mr. Seward. The Emperor is here not merely in the position of a defeated man; but of a man who has been obliged to confess that he has placed himself in a situation where it was impossible even to struggle. His German policy has been even more fatal to his reputation and his power. Had he honestly co-operated with England, the dismemberment of Denmark might have been prevented, and the projects of Prussia would then have been nipped in the bud. A vigorous and even a warlike policy at that juncture would have been acceptable to the French, for with all their newborn love of peace, they would willingly have made some sacrifices in the cause of an ancient ally. Seduced by the specious promises of Count Bismarck, or rashly confident that he could fish profitably in the troubled waters of Europe, he allowed things to take their course until war broke out between Prussia and Austria. After taking an early opportunity to declare, in the most emphatic manner, that neither of the rivals should receive any material aggrandizement without a suitable and adequate compensation to France, he found himself compelled, by the rapid and complete success of Prussia, to acquiesce in the creation of a powerful State on his frontiers without gaining a rood of territory. Here, again, he stands convicted of having not only miscalculated the strength of the Power with which he had to deal, but of being beaten at his own weapons by a still more skilful and audacious player. In the eyes of many, perhaps of most, Frenchmen, his Italian policy has been scarcely less unsuccessful. We have no doubt that the Emperor has a real sympathy with the Italians, and that he is, personally, not dissatisfied to see his own programme of "Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" completely carried out. But his countrymen see only the patent fact that Italy is now emancipated from the control, and that she will soon cease to be subject to the interference, of France; and although we may think that they are wrong and selfish to regret it, we are neither able nor disposed to dispute this fact. The upshot, then, of the whole matter is that the Emperor has ceased to be more than one amongst many Sovereigns, and that France no longer enjoys a commanding influence in Europe. Although both the Sovereigns

reign and the country are abundantly able to play a great part in the affairs of the world, they no longer have, or are supposed to be able to have it, all their own way, and that circumstance makes a world of difference in the attention which we are disposed to pay to such an address as that which was delivered on New Year's-day.

At the same time, although we possess infinitely stronger guaranties than we did at this time last year, for the pursuit by France of a policy of peace and of respect for the rights of other nations, there can be no doubt that, if either the country or its Sovereign were disposed to go to war, they could give no small amount of trouble. Diminish as you will the preponderance of France, it must ever remain one of the most powerful States in Europe; and it will therefore always be interesting to know whether it is likely to pursue a reckless and aggressive, or a pacific policy. Now, so far as it goes, nothing can sound more fairly than the Emperor's speech. He takes the opportunity of expressing his wishes for the stability of thrones and the prosperity of nations. He hopes that we are entering upon a new era of peace and conciliation, and that the Universal Exhibition will contribute towards calming passions, and drawing closer the general interests. We sincerely trust that his Majesty will not be disappointed, but we confess that we do not place much confidence in the efficacy of universal exhibitions as a means of promoting peace. Indeed, the prominent mention of that undertaking might rather tend to encourage a very prevalent notion that until it is over the Imperial policy will be pacific, but that, as soon as it closes, we shall—as the saying is—see what we shall see. Even while listening to words such as those we have just quoted, it is impossible to forget the pending scheme for the re-organization of the French army. For purposes of defence the existing establishment is amply sufficient, for with 400,000 excellent soldiers at her command, there is no nation that would think of attacking her, or of ignoring her just influence in the councils of Europe. Whatever he may say to the contrary, other countries could not see the Emperor in possession of an available force of more than a million of men without a feeling of uneasiness, and without a suspicion that they would be employed, sooner or later, in restoring the *prestige* which he has lost. Our confidence in the preservation of peace is, we must confess, based far more on the disposition of the French people than on that of their ruler. That they are deeply mortified at the increased power of Prussia, and that they look forward with some anxiety to the probable consolidation of Germany into one powerful State, we quite believe. If they could restore the former balance of power which inclined so much in their favour, without making heavy sacrifices, they would assuredly do so. But it is clear that, rather than make those sacrifices, they will put up with an annoyance which is rather of a sentimental than a practical char-

acter. They are no doubt quite as well aware as the Emperor that they cannot successfully attack Germany without some such increase and organization of their military forces as is proposed by the Council of State. They have, nevertheless, with a unanimity which is indisputable, and with an explicitness which is understood to have overborne all resistance, manifested their repugnance to anything of the kind; and that is a fact which not only speaks volumes, but affords a substantial security for those pacific wishes and intentions. The truth is, that by developing the commercial spirit, and promoting the material prosperity of France, the Emperor has created an aversion not only to revolution but to war. He might have wished for the cultivation of the former feeling, but for the latter he was probably not so anxious. Although he has during his reign undertaken three wars, in two of which success has reflected fresh glory on the national arms, his subjects show themselves more and more anxious that he should adhere to the programme which he announced in his famous declaration that the Empire was peace. To those wishes he can hardly avoid deferring, even if he wished to do so. He cannot hope to make another little war; in any future combat he must grapple with a Power of solid strength and stubborn determination. He will have to fight on equal terms, and not at an advantage, as he did in the Crimea; and he will not enjoy the facilities which he had both in the Russian and Italian wars, for terminating them as soon as they became inconvenient. Under these circumstances, and especially at his time of life, in his infirm health, and with the stability of his dynasty still far from assured, we may safely assume that he will shrink from pushing the French into a path which they will not enter voluntarily; and we may venture, without being over sanguine, to hope that he will for the future restrain that spirit of restlessness and intrigue by which he has so long disturbed the repose of Europe. Were the wish of his people for peace less pronounced than it is, we might, indeed, fear his resorting to war in order to silence or to remove the growing spirit of domestic discontent. It is an old resource of arbitrary rulers to invoke foreign conflict as a means of diverting attention from home griefs. But although there is no doubt that the French are once more becoming anxious for the enjoyment of those political rights and liberties of which they have so long been deprived, it is equally clear that they are in no mood to be turned aside by the counter-attractions of a glory, the cost of which they have learned to count. We thoroughly believe that very few Frenchmen, indeed, wish to replace the Bonaparte dynasty by any other; and that even still fewer desire a Republic. The position of the Emperor is not one of real danger, unless he makes it so by an unwise resistance to a movement of public opinion, which he must all along have foreseen would ultimately arise amongst an intelligent, high-spirited, and active-

mind people. It is not only his interest, but we are convinced that he will find it necessary, to devote far more attention than he has hitherto done to the means by which he may "crown the edifice" of his Government without shaking its Imperial basis. His loss of *prestige* abroad will of course react upon his influence at home; for many who acquiesced in his despotic sovereignty, so long as he offered them the spectacle of a French Emperor swaying the destinies of empire, will cry out against it now that he has descended to the level of ordinary beings. Whether with or against his will — a point on which we do not care to pronounce any opinion — it is therefore probable that his Majesty's benevolent hopes will be realized, and that, in spite of "bloated armaments," we need apprehend no immediate rupture of the peace of Europe.

From the London Review, 5th January.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

WITH almost Crimean weather have come suspiciously Crimean ideas. There are so many protests of neutrality flying about that we might almost suppose ourselves to be on the verge of war. May the omen mean nothing! But when the last Eastern war began we were quite as sensible as we are now of the considerations that tended towards peace. We began our interferences, too, as we are suspected of doing now, by acts in favour of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Nevertheless, we found ourselves suddenly involved in war; and we fought, not for the Christians, but against their would-be protector. We can only reconcile ourselves to this conduct in the retrospect by remembering the tenacity, and, at that epoch, the audacity of Russian ambition. We contended with a potentate possessed by a monomania; and we were obliged to lay aside every thought except that of repressing his extravagances and his violence. First, his mania took the intriguing form. He sought to make us partners in his wild schemes for the partition of the Turkish dominions. But to the truly British, though exceedingly perceptive, diplomatist by whom we were represented at St. Petersburg, any such suggestion provoked only that good, easy contempt with which sane people notice the renewed outbreak of an old friend's inveterate but harmless delusions. Sir Hamilton Seymour did not even humour the Czar's fancies, and he had to find such consolation as a monomaniac might from the placid complaisance of the English Premier whom nothing could rouse to a sense of danger. Then came the paroxysm which despatched Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, and then very quickly followed the great Crimean conflict. It was simply a struggle to put a strait-waistcoat on the Czar, and in the

midst of it he died. The war ended, but Russian mania was not cured. And that mania had this much to be said for it: while it had to be opposed and held in restraint lest Russia should get too strong, no one could deny that the wishes of Russia, so far as they could be discovered from ulterior aims, were reasonable and good. We fought for the independence of Turkey, and we conquered; but we frankly admitted, in settling the conditions of peace, that it would never do for Turkey to be independent. We had vindicated the principle that Russia should not protect the Eastern Christians, but we never pretended that they ought to be left unprotected. In fact, though the Eastern question was the subject of the war, it was not its cause. We were thinking of the road to India while we were talking of the independence of Turkey; and we freely consented to the protection of the Christians against what we had contended was the rightful sovereignty of Turkey, so soon as Russia was disabled from pursuing what we believed to be the *arrière pensée* of its religious fanaticism. To the diplomatic mind this result was probably very satisfactory. For example, Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, where he was not concerned in the development of constitutionalism or liberty in some favoured nation, was essentially a policy of shifts. And he carried that description of policy to perfection. In his great speech on the Pacific Resolution, he thought it a quite adequate defence of his policy in the East to show how England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia had deemed it necessary that the Turkish empire should not yet be allowed to fall. In the mean time, his resources and those of his agents were sufficient, in his judgment, to meet all exigencies. It did not follow that because the Turks were supported, the Eastern Christians should be oppressed. On the contrary, the maintenance of Turkey was a price at which the right of protecting those Christians might fairly be obtained. And it was so obtained. Sir Stratford Canning became the impersonation of a system of general control. The Porte could not move without him, dare not sit still when he frowned. The Crimean war did not leave this state of things intact. Indeed, Lord Stratford's retirement must in any case have terminated what greatly depended upon his personal knowledge and force. But the war, though nominally a victory on behalf of Turkey, subjected the Sultan to a heavy yoke of co-operative supervision and control. He was now in all his relations with his Christian subjects to be virtually under the control of the great Powers; and the diplomatic mind hoped that all trouble was over. Ten years after we find ourselves disappointed — trembling on the verge of another Eastern war, with the same roots of bitterness still shooting out tubers of disturbance, with the same necessity as ever — if necessity there ever was — for repressing Russian ambition, even at the risk of keeping up Ottoman misrule. Why has this failure

occurred? Clearly because we did not understand, or would not, as Russia did, the incompatibility of Turkish sway with Christian happiness and well-being. Deeming ourselves obliged to resist Russian encroachments, and also to guard the Christians from oppression, we devoted ourselves to the maintenance of the Turkish empire "under inspection," and we have received our reward in the outbreak of those troubles which must be frequent and cumulative so long as the "sick man" lasts.

At the present moment the circumstances which occasion anxiety are particularly numerous. There is a rebellion in Crete which the Turks seem quite unable to repress, and in which the Candians are exhibiting a heroism which not even the most prejudiced authorities can impugn. In Moldo-Wallachia there is a new Hospodar, with local popularity, Russian influence, and Prussian connections to back him. In Bulgaria there are plots which are supposed to have a Roumanian origin. A portion of the Albanians have made demands at Constantinople for increased independence, and the Servians are seeking riddance from the Turkish garrison by which their capital has so long been occupied. Meanwhile, Greece, with an ambition the absence of which would be a disgrace even if its presence is not a glory, aspires to lead, and even to instigate, a great uprising of the Christians under the dominion of the Turks; and it is a great deal easier to laugh at the Greeks and call them liars than to estimate the ultimate results of their appearing in actual array against the Turks, with the intention of settling once for all this great question of religious and race supremacy. So much for the aspect of the territories actually concerned. What of the great Powers? As usual, when mischief impends, England is quoted as on the side against which its traditions would bend it to do battle; and, as usual, it is unauthorized and very creditable humanity on the score of an individual British officer that is supposed to have pledged us. Captain Pym, of the *Assurance*, took off from the Cretan province of Selino nearly four hundred women and children, purely from motives of humanity. The Athens journals immediately went into ecstasies because of what was supposed to be a *pronunciamento* on the Christian side of the quarrel, while the French journals at once lamented our defection from the policy to which we were supposed to be bound by the post-Crimean compact. Then came a supposed disavowal of Captain Pym's conduct, of which disavowal we have seen no official announcement, and of which there appears to be no satisfactory evidence; and this, on the other hand, produced an impression that we had elected to take the Turkish side. The Athens papers combat this conclusion, and point to the Committee for the Relief of Cretan Refugees lately established in London as a Philhellene demonstration. Perhaps it may be so in a certain sense. At least, we may be pretty sure that many who appear on it would not

join a committee to relieve Turkish sufferers by a Christian outbreak. But the Greeks are quite wrong in attributing to any such demonstration political weight, for the simple reason that our Eastern policy has always been, except in 1827, when Canning caused Navarino, in direct opposition to the sentiments of the nation; and, for anything we know, it might be so again, for there has been no attempt whatever to establish, on a new and more enlightened basis, our rules of national conduct in this matter. The probabilities of our still adhering to the policy of the last war, are heightened by the fact that France has become positively enamoured of that Pro-Turkish policy which it formerly adopted with distaste, for other political purposes. The Marquis de Moustier either has obtained, or thinks he has obtained, an influence of the Stratford Canning order at Constantinople, and the possession of power is a great compensation even for the sacrifice of ideas. A journal known to be inspired by the French Foreign Office has put forth quite a roseate apology for the most recent phases of Turkish rule, and warns the Philhellenes that the future well-being of the Christians must depend upon the gradual development of internal reforms, not upon any endeavours of the Christians themselves for their emancipation from Turkish sway. If this is the deliberate policy of France, it will be exceedingly difficult for England in any serious eventuality to maintain that neutrality upon which, at the present moment, all Englishmen seem resolved. Austria, too, is said to be bent upon opposition to Russia in reference to this question; but we agree with the St. Petersburg *Vyest* in attaching very slight importance to this fact. "Should Austria," says that journal, "really excite a revolutionary movement amongst the Galician Poles, with a view to injure Russia, it is exceedingly probable that the Russian element, in juxtaposition with them, will rise against them and the Austrian Government, and repeat the slaughter of 1848 on a larger scale. Simultaneously with this, Russian troops will secure the frontier and occupy those Eastern districts of the provinces occupied by Russians—a people of Russian origin and orthodox faith. What, then, will become the position of Austria? What, if the general insurrection of the Turkish Slavonians, now hourly expected, should break out at the same time and exercise an unavoidable reaction on the Slave subjects of the Kaiser?" The replies to these questions could hardly be otherwise than unfavourable to Austria, and indeed the present position of that country is so unhappy and anxious that there is no need to seriously consider its intentions. Those of Russia have lately been expressed in language strongly reminding us of the traditional talk of which we had so great a surfeit during the Crimean war. Russia professes to have observed more scrupulously than any other Power the Treaty of 1856, and claims to be liberated from it by the conduct of the

Powers—Turkey included—in acknowledging Prince Charles as Hospodar of the Principalities. If Russia really supposes that the mouth of the Danube may be seized by her whenever she chooses, that she may again establish a fleet in the Black Sea, and again claim the sole protectorate over the Christians under the Sultan's rule, the duration of peace will only be limited by the prudence of Alexander and his Ministers. That they will be greatly influenced by the fact that America is friendly and sympathetic we do not believe, for we have not yet penetrated the logic which has persuaded St. Petersburg official journals that America is disposed to take an active interest in affairs so far removed from her own hemisphere. But the alliance between Russia and the United States is an additional reason for great caution on our part. It may be hoped that Lord Stanley is giving the whole question such attention as will enable him to come before Parliament with a really statesmanlike view of it and definite proposals respecting it. His worst course would be to drift into a renewal of our conduct in the Crimean war—the danger of which eventually is by no means imaginary, though public opinion is decisively against it. His best course would be to draw France into a friendly arrangement with Russia such as would permanently insure the well-being of the Eastern Christians, and the safety of our Indian Empire. A medium policy, and perhaps the most fortunate for which we dare hope, would be to maintain as strict a neutrality as we did in the Mexican business, and not to stir until our interests are palpably endangered. The letter of Garibaldi published this week is rather too sympathetic and antipathetic to affect British policy, but it is well adapted to influence British feelings, and its sentiments as to Turkish rule are undoubtedly those which all but diplomatists entertain.

From the Spectator.

MR. J. RUSSELL LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.*

EVEN Mr. Lowell's humour would never have been what it is, and what in the unequalled *Biglow Papers* all the world acknowledges it to be, but for that finer and loftier side of his imagination, which you can see working in almost every stroke of broad popular humour, and turning the racy Yankee dialect into an instrument of the

highest moral and religious power. In this new edition of the second series of *Biglow Papers*, there are two poems new to us, the introductory poem called "The Courtin'," and the last of the series of *Biglow Poems*, written since Mr. Johnson's accession to the Presidency; and, on the other hand, in the lovely little poem called *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, we have Mr. Lowell's imagination on its purely poetic side (on which alone he had tried it before he commenced the series of *Biglow Papers*), stripped once more of the attraction of a racy popular language and homely practical logic as a medium of expression for the noblest thoughts, and speaking only to the cultivated ear. Thus, enabled as we are to compare the moving power of Mr. Lowell's poetry, which we take to be its delicate apprehension of the spiritual essence in common things, as embodied in the fine organization of a purely poetic diction on the one hand, and in the strong broad language of popular feeling and humour on the other, we enjoy each the more for the presence of the other. Here is a bit from the prelude to *Sir Launfal*, which explains much in the homelier and more popular verses. The opening line contains an obvious allusion to Wordsworth's great "Ode to Immortality," and the whole of it Wordsworth might have written, and would have valued, if he had written it, as amongst his finer efforts:—

"Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendours lie;
Daily with souls that cringe and plot
We Sinais climb and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedictie;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives
us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's task-
ing;
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

* *The Biglow Papers*. Second Series, with a Portrait of the Author. London: Trübner. 1867.
The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, jun. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. London: Trübner. 1867.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flower;
The flush of life may well be seen,
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her
nest;
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best?"

That is not only fine poetry, but true insight. And, moreover, you can see in it the same mind which created the *Biglow Papers*. It is the contrast between the fullness and generous freedom of the best gifts of God, in comparison with the close and greedy competition of men for the poorest of those gifts, which gives all its tone and significance to the so-called politics of those humorous poems. Mr. Lowell tells us, in his new and interesting preface, that he always hated politics, in the common and smaller sense of the term, and we are not surprised to hear it. The only sense in which the *Biglow Papers* are political, is that in which political principle roots itself in universal morality and sentiment of mankind, tries to copy the freedom and trustfulness of the divine method, and to expose the niggardly and shortsighted selfishness of what is too often called politics by men. Mr. Lowell says in his newest *Biglow Paper*, that if President Johnson had limited his usurpation of authority to matters political, in the narrower sense, like bank or tariff, he does not suppose the people would have cared:—

"Wal, I expec' the People would'n care, if
The question now wuz techin' bank or tariff,
But I conclude they've 'bout made up their
mind
This ain't the fittest time to go it blind,
Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics
swings,
But goes 'way down amongst the roots o' things."

And this we may say in part of all the *Biglow Papers*. They deal with questions that go "way down amongst the roots o' things," and always in one way,—a very unsafe way for judging of political machinery or means, but the only true one for judging of political aims and ends,—always with a view to identifying political benefits with the universal blessings of Providence, and obliging politicians to let *their* sun, too, shine equally on all. Just as the undertone of *Sir Launfal* is the truth that "only God may be had for the asking," that "there is no price set on the lavish summer," so the undertone in all the *Biglow Papers* is that political benefits in the larger sense should be as universal as these divine blessings. Here it is, for instance, sounding again with reference to the negro question in this last of the series,—the reference in the first line being, of course, to Andrew Johnson's tall language about treason:—

"Ef treason is a crime, ez some folks say,
How could we punish it a milder way
Than sayin' to 'em, 'Brethren, lookee here,
We'll jes divide things with ye, sheer an'
sheer,
An' sence both come o' pooty strong-backed
daddies,
You take the Darkies, ez we've took the Pad-
dies;
Ign'ant and poor, we took 'em by the hand,
An' they're the bones an' sinners of the land.'
I ain't o' them who fancy there's a loss on
Every investment thet don't start from Bos-
ton:
But I know this, our money's safest trusted
In sumthin', come wut will, that *can't* be
busted,
An' that's the old Amerikin idee,
To make a man a Man, an' let him be."

To make political benefits as universal as those blessings of God which can be "had for the asking," is the special political doctrine which the wide poetical generosity of Mr. Lowell inculcates in all his humorous *Biglow* squibs. It is the same idea which bursts out again, in answer to the wearisome constitutional quibbling:—

"But, O my patience! must we wriggle back
Into th' ole, crooked, pettifoggin' track
When our art'il'ry wheels a road hev cut
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut?
War's jes dead waste, excec' to wipe the slate
Clean for the cyph'r'in' of some nobler fate."

As regards the mere form of the poetry, we do not hesitate to prefer Mr. Lowell's Yankee pastoral, even to the refined and beautiful poetry a specimen of which we

have sighted from *Sir Launfal*. Whether it be because, as Mr. Lowell tells us, his childhood was passed among the broad Yankee-speaking farmers, till the dialect has become more closely associated for him with the eager feelings of youth than the polished English of his ordinary speech, — or whether it be that the high spiritual feeling of his poetical nature needs a certain "body," which it finds in the humorous Yankee dialect, to make its full impression, certainly we find no equal delight in his more polished poems, beautiful as we hold them to be, to that which we derive from such pieces as "The Courtin'," and the more lyrical passages in the *Biglow Papers* themselves, — that, for instance, in which the first burst of a New England spring is described. There is no love poem in Burns more vigorous, humorous, and full of real poetry than Mr. Lowell's on Ezekiel Biglow's courting with "Huldy." Take this, for instance: —

"He was six foot o' man A I,
Clean grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

"He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, driv 'em,
Fust this one and then thet by spells, —
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

"But long o' her his veins 'ould run,
All crinkly like curled maple.
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
'Ez a South slope in Ap'il.

"She thought no v'ice hed such a swing,
'Ez hisn in the choir,
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *know'd* the Lord was nigher."

And what a fine humour there is in the description of Zekle's awkward pause before his offer: —

"He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't ha' told ye nuthar."

Still, it is no doubt true that there are veins of thought and feeling to which a Yankee dialect is inappropriate, which are too delicate and subtle, and too exalted in tone to be expressed in any dialect of which the essential characteristic is a vigorous animal physique. When the leper with whom Sir Launfal shares his crust reveals himself as his God, the language in which he does so would be as unnatural if it were a broad Yankee dialect, — the poet being obviously

able to write otherwise, — as if the translators of the Bible had chosen Yorkshire or the East County dialects, instead of the most polished language of the day, for their version. The "voice that was calmer than silence," as Mr. Lowell finely puts it, could not be clothed by any true poet in any but the most perfect form at his disposal; and when all is said that can and must be said in praise of homely forms of speech, it remains true that some of the finest chords of feeling can best be expressed in the language of the highest and simplest culture, — a language which no one knows how to use better than Mr. Lowell.

From the Sunday Magazine.

DEVOTIONAL MUSINGS.

MORNING LIGHT.

LAST night I fell asleep,
Hushed in a blessed trance of holy peace.
The storm was beating on my window-pane;
But not the wind, nor pater of the rain,
Could make my comfort cease,
Or from its child-like rest my spirit keep.

For, in the evening hour,
One stronger than the storm had talked with me.
His voice was low and gentle as the dove;
His words were sweeter than a mother's love;
And though I might not see
His face, I felt its loveliness and power.

To sleep I almost feared,
Lest I should wake and find it was a dream;
Should find my evening had been spent alone,
That no Divine communion I had known,
And that it did but seem
As though a Holy Presence was so near.

Now, in the solemn calm
Of early day-break, I am very glad;
For I awake and find Him still with me.
My evening hymn is morning melody;
I know that I have had
A cup of blessing, which no time can harm.

I feel that it was He
Who walked upon the waters long ago,
And who their stormy billows holdeth still.
The words He spake to me He will fulfil;
And though the rivers flow,
They cannot wash my Rock from under me.

I will arise ere long;
My duties call me to their daily round;
The voices of my earthly home awake:
I long to meet them bravely for His sake.
I would that in the sound
Of my poor words might echo heavenly song.

I would my friends should see
In my glad eyes the beauty of His face ;
Should learn that in His presence there is peace,
Strength, and contentment, that can never
cease :

And that His guiding grace
Can lead to patience and humility.

How sweet, as the day wears,
Beneath the current of its eddying wave
To list the secret flowing of the stream
Of living waters, which have proved no dream :
To let its many cares
Float to a quiet haven, strong to save.

I should be glad to think
This precious calm might last my life to come ;
But well my spirit knows it may not be.
Yet, though the frail bark toss upon the sea,
Drifting away from home,
A hand shall hold it firmly, lest it sink,
And cast its anchor safely through the foam.

Yes ! and this memory
Shall be a solace in that stormy hour :
A witness of the Father, very true ;
A token of his presence, ever new ;
A word of power,
To keep me close to Him where'er I be.

I hear the robins' hymn ;
And, standing at my window, I can see
The flush of sunlight over all around.
I do give thanks to God. In every sound,
In every lovely sight, He speaks to me,
He still is very near —
Evening and morning are alike to Him.

MY SEED.

God gave to me a seed
Out of his garden, for my plot of earth ;
Something He told me of its priceless worth ;
That I might tend and feed.
Yet, when it grew, I counted it a weed.

I left it for the sky
To nourish, or the night-frost to destroy ;
Its sprouting for a moment gave me joy,
But soon I passed it by —
The plant that God had given, I let it die.

I know the beauty now
That would have grown up brightly from my
seed ;
And if my tears my perished flower could feed,
It soon would grow, I trow.
I cannot make it live : my God, wilt Thou ?

A NEW JOY.

How slowly this bud opened to the sun !
So like all precious things in quietness.
There is no hurry in the things of God :
But chiefly rest, when He has deigned to bless,
And peace most perfect where his will is done.

'Twas lovely as a bud, cool, dewy green,
Twilight and starlight seemed to linger there :
Within its sheath of promise, not yet seen,
Lay treasures of pure whiteness, very fair,
And then this lily opened, like a Queen.

Till then we thought all sweetness understood ;
But now it seemed a fresh gift, never known :
Stores of clear honey, pearl-like, stood within
And wooed the wandering bee to taste its food ;
To murmur evermore appeared a sin.

O bright flower ! thou dost teach us many
things,
As well as make us happy ; in thy bell
Doth the tall pistil show the holy Cross,
Its crowning glory ; every honeyed cell,
If that were severed, soon must suffer loss.

Nor this alone ; for as the infant bud
Brings the perfected flower, so she her seed ;
How then shall this new loveliness bear fruit ?
What barren corner shall her richness feed ?
What garden blossom brightly from this root ?

Father ! thus crowned with happiness by Thee,
Oh, teach us each new blessing to employ,
Lest, idly plucked, it wither in our hand :
Do Thou infuse new love with the new joy,
And make it fruitful to eternity.

GOD'S THOUGHTS NOT OUR THOUGHTS.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts : we
look on
Dreading to climb some mountain far away,
Counting the sharp stones on its tedious way.
He cares for our small troubles, day by day
Smoothing them down.

We keep our patience for our greater cares,
And murmur unrepenting o'er the less ;
Thinking to show our strength in our distress.
His patience with our hourly fretfulness
Still gently bears.

God's ways are not as our ways : we lay down
Schemes for his glory, temples for our King,
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship Him :
Meanwhile, upon some humble, secret thing
He sets his crown.

We travel far to find Him, seeking still,
Often in weariness, to reach his shrine :
Ready our choicest treasures to resign.
He, in our daily homes, lays down the line,
"Do here my will."

There, in the lowly valley, walking on,
Some common duty all we have to do ;
His higher thoughts of love make all things new ;
His "higher way" we tread, yea, leading to
God's holy throne.

PHASES.

ONE night I saw the moon, when she was full,
Shine in the dark'ning east; she seemed to me
Full of calm joy — to be unto the world
A witness of his life whose kingly orb
I had seen die. She taught me faith that night,
For his fire glittering on her silver world,
Told man was not forsaken. Once again
I saw her, with her edge breaking in foam
Against the sky;* then, as a line of light,
Waning away. 'Twas then that other thoughts
She whispered. On the phases of my life
I mused, and listened to the distant tread
Of hopes and thoughts passed by, and wonder-
dered how

What seemed a kingdom once was now a dream,
Scarce worthy of a sigh. I thought of years
When image after image in my brain
Reigned as supreme, claiming allegiance
Almost as idols there: how first one filled
The temple of my heart and coloured all,
Until the wheel of time, experience fraught,
Gave me a new, strange joy, which faded too.
And yet each seemed as though it could not die,
The daisy of the child, the rose of youth.
Nor truly do such die if they have sown
Their spirit-seeds — not if hearts grew more
wise,

Thoughts purer and love higher; if each phase,
Which cast its silvery light across our way,
Throwing black shadows of fantastic form,
Or rising with red glory through the fogs
Of the low valleys, showed an onward path —
A track, still winding upwards into light,
The cloudless daylight of our Father's home.
If we have learned that every happiness
Was but a waning splendour, cold and dim,
To the perfected sunshine of God's love,
And in that love have found our lasting rest,
So shall our waning moons, lit by the Sun
Of Righteousness above, be orbs of Heaven.

EVEN-TIDE.

LORD! I acknowledge Thee in this thick cloud,
Although I cannot see Thee! It may be
The glory of Thy face would dazzle me,
If that surpassing brightness were allowed.

In tender mercy dost Thou visit me
At evening, when Thy gentle dew descends:
Sometimes, in loving voices of my friends;
Sometimes, in visions of eternity.

I could not climb the mountains of Thy love,
But in the valleys do Thy rivers flow;
The bitter herbs beside those waters grow,
And lo! they teem with sweetness from above.

Hold Thou my hand, my Father, I am weak;
Hush me to sleep, for I am sore afraid:
Yet, as Thy child, I should be undismayed;
For in the silence I should hear Thee speak!

* The half moon as seen through a telescope.

I will not trust my thoughts, which trouble me;
I will not answer all that they would say;
I cast my cares and my regrets away,
And leave my spirit all alone with Thee!

From the London Review,

ALEXANDER SMITH.

IN the year 1853 the public were startled
by hearing that a new poet had suddenly
arisen. Selections from his poetry were given
in one of the literary journals of the day, and
by-and-by the poem itself, from which they
were taken, was duly published. Perhaps
no volume of poems ever excited so much
attention as the "Life Drama." Critics for
once were fairly enthusiastic. Newspapers
and reviews rang with praises of the new
poet. And now, looking back at the "Life
Drama" over the space of fourteen years,
when the judgment has become more sobered,
and the warm enthusiasm of youth chilled, we
are scarcely surprised at the reception which
this remarkable poem — especially when the
writer's age and circumstances are consid-
ered — excited. It literally teems with im-
ages. Lines of extraordinary beauty, and pas-
sages showing the deepest sympathy with Na-
ture in all her various manifestations, are met.
And the excitement was not lessened when
the public learnt that the poem was the
production of a young Scotch pattern-
drawer, who had lived nearly all his life in
Glasgow and Paisley, and had only now
and then enjoyed rare glimpses of the coun-
try scenes and country pleasures which he so
delighted to sing. Mr. Smith was, we be-
lieve, born in the year 1831, at Kilmarnock.
His parents intended him to be a minister
of the United Presbyterian Church. Fam-
ily circumstances, however, prevented this
wish being fulfilled. Mr. Smith, like so
many Oxford and Cambridge men of the
present day, instead of entering the Church,
finally betook himself to literature. In the
meanwhile, however, he occupied himself
with pattern-drawing for Scotch manufac-
tures. During this period the "Life Dra-
ma" appeared, and fairly took the world by
storm. No period, however, especially in
Scotland, could have been more disastrous
to the development of true poetic growth.
The Rev. George Gilfillan, of whom it has
been said that he considered himself a great
painter, because he painted with a big
brush, was at that time throughout the
North omnipotent as a critic. The minis-

ters of the Free and Established Kirks each Sunday vied with each other who could preach the most extravagant rhetoric. The *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* had fairly broken loose. All these circumstances must be weighed when considering the "Life Drama." Its faults were those of the day, and especially of the country; but its merits were its own. Mr. Smith had consequently to run the gauntlet, not merely of friends, but of foes. On one side he encountered sarcasm, and on the other was loaded with still more pernicious flattery. These were the only two kinds of criticism which he, as a rule, received, — the worst that can be for a poet. As he has said to us, his friendly critics did him the most harm. The old maxim, "*Qui ne sait se borner, ne sait jamais écrire*," — the foundation of all true writing, — was forgotten in Scotland. The great intellectual feat was to pour forth all your thunder unrestrained. No wonder that in such a school Mr. Smith's poetry should suffer. Still, making all possible deductions, the "Life Drama" remains distinct from all other poems of the day, remarkable for a wealth of imagery and a certain *curiosa felicitas* which, in places, remind us of some of the Elizabethan poets, especially of one who is now far too much forgotten, Cyril Tourneur.

Of the outward events of Mr. Smith's life there is not much to record. The happiest nations have, it has been noticed, the briefest histories. So also with men. Mr. Smith's appointment as secretary to the University of Edinburgh, his marriage, his vacation tours, one of which he so beautifully described in his "Summer in Skye," are among the few outward facts which a biographer has to tell. Mr. Smith's career, in short, is marked by his works. They really form the annals of his life. His next venture was written conjointly with his friend, Mr. Dobell. All England was then deeply moved with the disasters of the Crimean war. Mr. Smith, too, felt the spirit of the moment, and its result was seen in "Sonnets of the War," published in 1855. But the war spirit was only temporary. The real theme for the poet in these days is not the victories of war, but of peace. A new chivalry is rising. And this Mr. Smith seems to have felt in his next production, "City Poems," published two years afterwards. In many respects this little volume shows a great advance. We find in it not only the old beauties that charmed so many in the "Life Drama" — the old love for the sea and stars and green fields — but a loftier tone. Some of the

touches, describing Nature, have seldom been surpassed. Mr. Smith here at last realized the crowning condition of art in descriptive passages, that it must be by one stroke that the scene is made visible, just as, by a single blow, the die gives form to the shapeless gold, and makes it for ever pass current as genuine coin. Here, for instance, is a passage from "Horton," which is as clear and distinct as a photograph: —

"An empire's fall was less in his regard
Than sunshine pouring from the rifted clouds
On an old roof-tree furred with emerald moss;
'A wide, gray, windy sea bespecked with foam;
A ship beneath bare poles against the rain;
Or thunder steeping all the sunny waste
In ominous light."

Here each line brings before us a vivid picture. Again, to take another description, from a "Boy's Poem," of what is always so difficult to paint — cloud scenery: —

"Still as a lichened stone I lay, and watched
The lights and shadows on the landscape's
face,
The moving cloud that quenched the shining
fields,
The gliding sunbeam, the gray trailing shower,
And all the commerce of the earth and sky."

Here, too, the scene is painted in with a few firm strokes, which show the growth of the poet's mind, and his freer mastery over the language. Four years after the "City Poems" came "Edwin of Deira." It will probably never be so popular as the former; but is, in our opinion, on the whole, the finest of all Mr. Smith's poems. There are, in the first place, fewer of those *vitia splendida*, conceits — the surest sign of increase of power. Ornament is more often replaced by thought. The charm of simplicity, which is so wanting in the "Life Drama," has been in a greater degree attained. "Edwin of Deira," we repeat, as it is the last, is also decidedly the greatest of Mr. Smith's poems. Here, however, we must leave the poems, and glance at the prose works. Mr. Smith was a most facile writer, pouring forth contributions, both with his name and without, to reviews and newspapers. His first essay, as far as we know, was published in the "Edinburgh Essays," and was upon "Scottish Ballads." As might be expected, it was more remarkable for its sympathy with the theme than for its analytical power. But good criticism was not in places wanting. Thus, upon the lines in the ballad of "Cockburn of Henderland": —

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod so green."

Mr. Smith well writes of the word "happed":—"Can the English reader catch the strange tenderness and pathos of the verb 'happed'? It is one of the dearest to the Scottish ear, recalling infancy and the thousand instances of the love of a mother's heart, and the unwearied care of a mother's hand. . . . 'Happed' is the nursery word in Scotland, expressing the care with which the bed-clothes are laid upon the little forms, and carefully tucked in about the round sleeping cheeks. What an expression it gives in the verses quoted above to the burden and agony of fondness, all wasted and lavished on unheeding clay." Now, such criticism is not merely delicate, as showing the texture of the critic's mind, but valuable. Nobody who has paid attention to the diction of Shakespeare and Milton, and in our own days to Tennyson, can fail to see how they have treasured up certain happy words, not generally in common use, by which they are able, as it were, to light up a whole verse with an unexpected glow of feeling and tenderness. But the best criticism in the "Scottish Ballads" is that contained in the concluding pages, where Mr. Smith urges how unprofitable all imitation, from the very fact that it is an imitation, must necessarily be. To the public, the best known of Mr. Smith's essays are those contained in a volume called "Dreamthorp," published in 1863. They smack of the country, and are really more poetical than Mr. Smith's poems. It is easy to say they are idyllic, and do not show sufficient knowledge of the world. But this is like finding fault with sugar because it is not salt. Those who want knowledge of the world must turn somewhere else. This is a book fitted for an arbour, and not a statesman's study. It is filled not with the lore of the schools or the wisdom of the market, but its pages are sweet with the perfume of flowers, and resonant with the songs of birds. So, in the same way, when critics reproach Mr. Smith's other writings with a lack of scholarship, knowledge of men and society, there is but the answer of Poe to be made:—

"If I could dwell,
Where Israëf
Hath dwelt, and he were I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody;
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

Early circumstances, to a very great extent, with a poetic and susceptible temperament, mould the poet's future destiny. Amongst Mr. Smith's other prose works we must not forget "A Summer in Skye," published in the latter half of 1865. It, too, like his poems, is marked by a photographic power of describing scenery. But there was something more than this power visible. Take, for instance, the opening sentence, describing summer in Edinburgh:—"The air is still and hot above the houses, but every now and then a breath of east wind startles you through the warm sunshine—like a sudden sarcasm felt through a strain of flattery." That last sentence possesses something far above the mere power of verbal photography, as seen in the writings of the two Kingsleys. Still more recently, in "Alfred Hagart's Household," Mr. Smith broke new ground. Here he seems to have found a vein which seemed to promise him both profit and fame. But all our hopes are now buried with him in the grave. After a short illness, brought on originally by an attack of diphtheria, he died on the morning of January 5th, at Wardie, near Edinburgh. Looking back upon his works, and especially on his poems, we cannot believe that they will altogether perish. Selections from them are sure to delight the scholar and the poet in every future age, and so with certainty we may write the words of Callimachus in their fullest sense over his early grave—*Τὸν ἄνθρωπον ἀνέμωτος*.

From the Saturday Review.

SMALL TALK.

It has been observed, with a good deal of truth, that all young Englishmen look profoundly unhappy when they are dancing. If Cicero had seen them, he would have thought twice before committing himself to the proposition *Nemo saltat sobrius*. In this it is their proud privilege to present a remarkable contrast to foreigners, who never seem more frivolous and lighthearted than when they are engaged in self-rotation. Englishmen at such times are generally pictures either of stern resolution or else of severe mental exercise, and go round and round with the sobriety of judges. Nor is it very unnatural that they should. Taking one thing with another, it is probable that a ball is the occasion of more intellectual effort than any other species of recreation known to the human race. What is believed to be an intellectual employment worthy of a statesman; but

no occupation can really be said to task the mental powers of an educated man which does not necessitate the manufacture of conversation. Cricket, billiards, whist, tennis, and even croquet, are simple and commonplace arts in comparison. None of them require small talk, and some of them actually discourage it. But dancing successively with a dozen young creatures, at the price of inventing for their investigation a dozen different subjects of feminine interest, involves a serious drain both on the inventive and the colloquial faculties. To a man who is no arithmetician the task is not so formidable. He has only to arrive with ten or twelve happy thoughts in his quiver, and to fire them off successively in an unabashed way at his various partners. But to educated persons of a mathematical turn of mind, who desire to do what they have got to do scientifically and well, the difficulty is far less easily grappled with. Cambridge men, in particular, who are familiar with the science of figures, may well be appalled when they reflect upon the solemn business that lies before them in a single night. A dozen happy thoughts really go no way at all, and it is only that sort of fortunate blindness which young officers, and especially young sailors, possess which can steel a thoughtful mind against the reflection. For, when one comes to think the matter out, it is not merely necessary to give each young Englishwoman a fresh topic for her to digest before she is led back breathless to her corner. She has been dancing before with other manufacturers of small talk, perhaps half a dozen times; and the problem is, how to contrive a seventh happy thought which is certain to be different from any of the six she has just been discussing. And as every English girl has sisters and companions, who will communicate to her next morning the various subjects of their various conversations, it becomes essential for a scientific man who reckons up all the chances to go loaded to a dance with such a plethora of happy thoughts that he may be well excused for seeming gloomy under the burden. All commonplace suggestions, his reflection tells him, are out of the question. Doubtless his partner has heard all about the Opera, and the Ritualists, and the Ocean Yacht Race, and the Paris Exhibition before, and cannot reasonably be asked to hear of them again. If Englishmen, accordingly, look in earnest when they are dancing, they have an excellent reason for any amount of quiet melancholy, and all the more reason for it in proportion to their powers of computation. The embarrassment of their position is heightened when they consider that whatever they may wish to say must be said in five or ten minutes, when all will be over, and they must begin again. It thus becomes an important social question, which every one is interested in thinking out, whether there is such a thing as a science of small talk. All that is perhaps wanted, to make people look cheerful in a waltz or a quadrille, is to find a recipe for the production of conversation as fast as it can

be made. Without pretending to the discovery of the philosopher's stone, it may not be impossible to throw out a few suggestions which might be the means of promoting social ease and cheerfulness among a class of one's fellow-creatures who seem to need it so much.

One obvious idea, which doubtless occurs repeatedly to reflective minds, is the idea of riddles. The Sphinx would have made a first-rate partner. Young ladies like riddles, and if a man could always be sure of introducing his companion to a new one, he would be looked upon as eligible and nimble in conversation. The advantage of a riddle of course is, that it is a portable species of preserved small talk, which can be carried away when the dance is over. The recipient can have it out again for her next partner, and so on *ad infinitum*. The misfortune, however, is that everybody knows the answer to almost every riddle to which the human brain has ever given birth; and, indeed, if it were not so, mankind would not be compelled, as it has been of late, to take refuge in the cumbrous substitute of double acrostics. At first sight this antiquity of all decent riddles seems an awkward obstacle. But, like other obstacles, we think that it can be surmounted by those who are ready fairly to face it. The evident solution of the difficulty is to ask each successive and confiding young Englishwoman a riddle which has got no answer to it at all, and never will have any. Anybody who has tried this simple plan will bear testimony from experience to its complete social success. In the first place, riddles without answers can be invented as quick as lightning. A man has only to ask his partner, with an air of sprightliness and mystery, if she knows why something is like something else. The intellectual exercise of trying to guess will do her good rather than harm, and as she will never think of dreaming that she is guessing at the unguessable, the interest of the exercise will be sustained. The real danger of the enterprise is that it is quite possible to come upon some fanciful and thoughtless person who hates riddles. To those whose winning card is over-trumped in this fashion, the best advice will be to try such a person with a sensation novel. And when we say a sensation novel, we do not mean for a moment any of the sensation novels of the day, which have possibly furnished a theme for her six previous and melancholy partners. Everything that has been said upon the subject of Mr. Trollope or Miss Braddon will have been repeated to her over and over again in the gloomiest of tones, and a woman of spirit will decline to give her attention to trite passages out of the last review served up for her digestion. The wisest and most satisfactory measure is to have a private and imaginary sensation novel, which nobody has ever written, nobody ever read, and which, as a logical consequence, nobody has ever talked about. As she never can have heard the name of a work which never had one, she will naturally be glad to hear about the plot. It is by no means so hard on the spur of

the moment to invent a sound working plot, which will do, at all events, for the pauses of the dance, as might be supposed. Love, murder, and matrimony, all jumbled up together, will form the nucleus of it, and long before it is necessary to arrive at the catastrophe, another partner will claim her for the next waltz. It is right in candour to add that this method, like the riddle system, has its perils for a beginner. Some ladies will say that they have read anything you name; and the first time that a tyro gravely learns from his fair companion that she has been perusing a three-volume romance which never existed except in his own too vivid imagination, he runs the risk of losing his head and seeming disconcerted. The proper course to adopt under such circumstances is at once to ask her whether she prefers the hero or the heroine; and if she is hypocritical enough, as she will be, to say the heroine, then to ask her why? Before she has met this interrogation fairly, it is ten chances to one that the time will have come to part. In any case, the excitement of steering through the difficulty, and the interest of watching her steer through hers, will enable one to perform the dance with more than English vivacity and liveliness.

The necessity for discovering some theory upon which small talk must be conducted at once appears from the consideration that small talk will always exist as an institution of the country. There must always be a beginning to any intercourse between two people of different sexes who have never spoken to each other before. Men surmount this critical period in an acquaintance amongst themselves easily enough, and so, on the other hand, do women. If an Englishman is hard up for a start, he can always smoke; and more friendships, even in this cynical world, begin in smoke than end in it. Newspapers, wine, race-horses, and the hounds are sufficiently inexhaustible and fertile subjects to proceed with until the ice is definitely broken. And Englishwomen amongst themselves are well supplied. They have the interminable theme, in the first place, of each other's dresses. Happily for them, every one of them is always dressed differently; and, accordingly, the first half-hour of an acquaintance passes as quickly and pleasantly as could be wished. And after dresses, there is—for those at least who are married—the endless field opened up by babies; for though, to masculine observers, one baby is very much like another, a woman knows that every baby has its own special points. But the breaking of the ice between members of the opposite sexes is a matter of much deeper moment and nicety. A man cannot lead off about race-horses, for fear of being set down as frivolous; nor can he go in for bonnets and lace, lest he should be stared at as impertinent and intrusive. He is actually compelled by stress of circumstances to commence with nothing in particular, and the art of discoursing on nothing in particular is one that demands consummate industry and aptitude. Some members of Parliament, as one sees, have got it, and

so have all first-rate marriage-breakfast and after-dinner speakers; but only highly-gifted and exceptional people besides. The inquirer who has found out after five or six timid ventures that a lady is not going to somebody's party, and has not been to the Opera, and does not want to see the Paris Exhibition, feels what it is to be deficient in it. The shade that settles, after all these failures, over his countenance is indicative, not so much of constitutional lowliness of spirits as of temporary despair. Irreverent critics are fond of saying that the fault is on the side of the lady. Women ought to be better taught, and to be more amusing to talk to. This line of argument is weak and ungenerous. If young Englishwomen were more highly educated, dancing men would perhaps not be able to cope with them. Without having recourse to such extreme reforms, it might be possible to introduce some system that would tend to general relief. One does not see why much might not be effected by the means of a powerful Ball-room Executive, and the principle of centralization. Just as every schoolboy in France can be made by telegraph to learn the same page in his geography at the same hour, it could be made part of the business of a hostess to assign subjects of universal conversation for every dance. Each couple all over the room would thus at the same instant be engaged upon the same theme, and nobody would ever run the risk of repeating at one part of the entertainment what had been said several times already before his turn arrived. The Monday Popular Concerts, the Queen's last drawing-room, and the Fenians would thus all of them have an equal chance, and in country places matters of local and of general interest might be neatly interwoven. If any young lady or any young Guardsman were brought by such a plan to cultivate their minds beforehand with a view to shining in the discussion, the arrangement would not, at any rate, have been in vain. An intellectual or scientific subject might be added, towards the close of the evening, for the benefit of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates, who at certain seasons of the year are at home in large numbers, and anxious naturally to distinguish themselves both in conversation and in the dance.

Part of the present mischief arises from the unjust depreciation into which the weather, as a groundwork of discussion, has fallen of late. Nobody abroad talks about the weather, because abroad it is monotonously fine; but in bestowing upon Great Britain a fitful and changeful climate, Heaven has bestowed upon its inhabitants a permanent topic of discourse. Human ingratitude has led us unduly to disparage this great blessing, as we are tempted to disparage other benefits which are always within our reach. Before agreeing to abandon it, it might have been well to make quite sure that there was something to supply its place. It turns out, now that the weather has been discredited, that there is nothing anywhere at all like it for conversational purposes. If small talk has become

proportionately hard, English people have only to blame themselves. The old story of the girl who complained to her aunt about the bad weather, and was rebuked by her aunt for not being sufficiently thankful that there was any weather at all, cannot but come home forcibly to the heart of many well-meaning people. For colloquial purposes there is now no longer any weather, and we see the difference that its social non-existence makes. If the next Social Science meeting has a vacant niche for a really useful paper, it could not confer a more immediate benefit on society than by having a paper read upon the art — the now languishing and fading art — of small talk.

From the London Review.

THE FIDGETS.

"THE fidgets" is one of those beautifully vague nouns, plural in form but singular in signification, of which there are several parallels among the list of the more vulgar diseases. The fidgets, the rickets, the snuffles, the staggers, the rheumatics — these analogies ought to be sufficient to establish the class of the things to which the fidgets belong. But the fidgets is a moral as well as a physical disease, and in that double signification it stands alone from the others. But we cannot treat moral and physical fidgets altogether separately, inasmuch as the second is often the manifestation of the first. We would first remark that fidgets is the characteristic of some members of the animal kingdom. We go to the Zoological Gardens, and we are sure to see a coati mundi, or some such creature, incessantly promenading its cage without pausing for an instant. We look into our books, and we find that the guinea-pig of schoolboy life is properly called the restless cavy, as if nature were apologizing by such creations for the sluggishness of her sloth and the sleepiness of her dormouse. Well, let that pass and be discussed elsewhere as part of the great theory of compensation. But there are also human coati mundis who are never still for an instant. Of course, we accept the fidgetiness of children, we make up our minds to it, and when it is unbearable they retire to the nursery, while we are left in peace to ponder on what is probably a provision of nature for hardening into bone and muscle the cartilages and jellies of infancy. But we have not the power of turning a fidgetty man out of the room in that summary way. Yet how many of us have felt sometimes that hanging would be too good a death for the true peripatetic philosopher, whether he takes the shape of some one in the room with us, who walks up and down with his hands under his

coat-tails, scrupulously stepping in the centre of each group of flowers on the brussels carpet; or whether, worse still, he lodges on the floor over our heads, and renders our life a mere burden by his measured footfall and the regular creak which one board gives during his promenade. Another most deadly form of fidgetiness, which is enough to try the patience of Job, is when some miscreant raises his heel from the ground, and bearing only on the springy ball of the foot, commences a low and rapid vibration. By-and-by, everything in the room seems to quiver responsively, and the general sense produced is that of occupying the stern berth of a steam-ship, and enjoying to the full the monotonous flutter of the screw propeller. The same miscreant, in a slightly calmer mood, occasionally changes his allegretto for an adagio movement, and, crossing his legs, slowly describes aerial figures with the toe of one boot. If, in addition to that, he drums a popular air upon his chin, his outrage on the human race is nearly perfect.

But there is one form of the physical fidgets which ought to enlist our pity rather than our anger. It arises from some arrested circulation, we suppose, or some irritated nerve; but it is something really painful, and no mere expression of an ill-balanced mind. It attacks the sufferer very often in railway carriages, with a creeping sensation down the leg, giving the *malaise* of "pins and needles," without the sparkling accompaniment of the galvanic pricking. We are assured by the afflicted that the greatest salvation would be to kick vigorously one's *vis-à-vis*; and, failing that, the next best chance is to smuggle one's boots off, and stray up and down with surreptitious socks in the shadow of a portmanteau or rug. We are also informed that the same disease is frequently called into active life by the dread combination of a narrow pew and a long sermon; but there it is more hopeless than in a railway carriage, as the difficulties of kicking are more insuperable, and there is no friendly "Bradshaw" to tell us at what hour and minute the preacher will shut off steam. But any forced quiet in one position reveals to us in a wonderful manner what a complicated tissue of nerves is spread over us. Perhaps during the few seconds in which our *carte-de-visite* is being taken we enjoy the concentrated fidgets of half a lifetime. We would give kingdoms to scratch the back of our head, and one rub at the nose would be cheaply purchased by the revenues of a dukedom; the desire to wink becomes the prime necessity of life, and it is slow death to defer swallowing another instant; but we are conscious that to swallow will depress the chin, and convey to posterity a false idea of our chiselled features. Most photographs are photographs of the fidgets. It lurks in that uneasy constriction of the mouth, in that wandering look in the eye which the artist will touch out with Indian ink; but, above all, in the carriage of the hands, which are generally indicative of much mental torture.

But moral fidgets must not be unsung. It very often happens that the physical expression implies the moral. But it is not always so. The moral fidgets are very wearing to the possessor, and very trying to those who live with him. Some persons are fidgety only about punctuality—or what they please to call punctuality. They insist on being at the railway station about three-quarters of an hour before the advertised time for the train; they address searching questions to every servant of the company whom they can catch, and find no comfort from any of the answers. If they are themselves passengers, they seem to see their own luggage prematurely landed at every station at which they stop, and they are torn with conflicting feelings as to the probability of their friends being at their journey's end to meet them. If, on the other hand, they are expecting a guest to arrive, and the train is five minutes late, they are plunged into a wild delirium, and their fervid imagination conjures up a scene of indescribable carnage in which the train, and most of the passengers, have been annihilated. Some persons are fidgety about dinner. They are on tenter-hooks during every course; having a conviction that some great catastrophe will ruin everything, or that the guests will not enjoy themselves. Some are fidgety about draughts and currents of air. They paste up their windows, and caulk their doors, and load the chimney with a truss of straw. They always sit under the lee of a folding screen, and are authentic upon the merits of sandbags. To them the keyhole is an orifice to be stopped with paper. One especial case we remember, in which fidgetiness was the parent of ingenuity. The cautious hypochondriac strained a number of threads tightly across his room, and hung upon them delicate strips of tissue paper, from the vibration of which he prepared a storm-chart of the draughts, and posted his chair in the calm centre of some eddying cyclone. Some folks are fidgety about burglars. In their ears the whole house after nightfall rings with suspicious sounds. The stairs creak beneath designing boots; the imprisoned moth is the quick whirr of the centre bit; the amorous are-cat is the signal whistle of a whole gang of marauders; there are Bill Sykeses under every bed, and a Hare and Burk in every hanging-closet. Miss Matey Jenkins in "Cranford" is one of the most charming members of this typical class. We recommend to all burglarphobes her expedient of rolling a penny ball under the bed, to see if it would emerge from the valance at the opposite side, or whether it could catch in the porphy form of some prostrate housebreaker.

Others are fidgety about the weather. England is proverbially a treacherous climate; yet still there are occasions when we can catch the enthusiasm of the young May Queen, and cry—

"There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day."

But had our fidgety friend been May Queen on that memorable occasion, she would have appeared with an alpaca umbrella, and the servant would have been handy with goloshes and waterproofs. Such persons are hygrometers just as our friends who look out for draughts may be called anemometers. For in scorching summer days they always detect dew on the grass, or damp in the moss, or something of an aqueous tendency. The most advanced of this school go about with air-cushions, and change their stockings at uncertain periods. There are many who are fidgety about their children; and this is in a measure pardonable. For the least observant can see that little ones are very sensitive instruments—soon up and soon down. But this may be carried to a height of absurdity, and much to the detriment of the poor children themselves, when parental solicitude becomes a persecution to the babes and a standing nuisance to friends and relations. The doctor thrives upon this fidgetiness, for he is summoned to pronounce on a flea-bite lest it should be chicken-pox; but sometimes the nursery becomes a dispensary, and the wretched child who sneezes has a mustard-plaster, and a fit of peevishness is treated with a gray powder. The same over-anxiety makes a bed of thorns for itself by an over-strained estimate of infantile peccadillos, which oftentimes, instead of being rated and treated as they deserved, are regarded as the darkest promise of future reprobacy; and the poor parent's heart is almost broken by the prospect.

This touches the true principle of the moral fidgets. It consists in a disproportionate estimate of the importance of things; and while it causes much misery to ourselves and others, it is liable to the still graver charge of tempting us to reduce the weight of matters that really are of the last importance. We may indeed say, without irreverence, that there is such a thing as religious fidgets; a wide subject, which we will only suggest now without discussing, merely adding that we shall never have a more truthful description given of it than "straining at a gnat;" and we are all well aware that the readiness to "swallow a camel" waits very closely upon this frame of mind.

MY IDEAL.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

I CANNOT reach it — far beyond my sight,
In regions tipped with loveliness divine,
It dwells eternally; and no strange flight
Of fluttering thought can make it wholly
mine.

I walk the dusty, trammelled ways of earth,
I mix with those I feign would not despise,
Yet everywhere my ideal glimmers forth,
And bares its beauty o'er my weary eyes.

It is not garmented in worldly dress,
It bears no mortal shape nor phantom guise,
But the pure wonder of its loveliness
Is as the starlight in translucent skies!

I feel its glory when the tranquil night
Soothes the dull turmoil of the irksome day,
When tenderly from its ethereal height
It sweeps the frottings of my soul away.

I drink the drugged bitterness of life,
Mixed with the fume and sparkle of its joys;
I breathe the tainted vapours of its strife,
The hope that sickens, and the dream that
dloys.

Yet evermore my eyes in awe above,
Are cast upon my pure, serene ideal,
That tones the world's voice to a strain of love,
And paves with light the pathways of the
real.

All that is best of beauty is its dower,
All that is pure in piety its bequest;
The subtle spring of truth, the soul of power,
It gives our dreams their scope — our life its
zest.

All nobler aims that bid the mind unfold
Its highest, truest gifts, by it is wrought;
A spiritual glory, brightening the cold
And dark and arid in our deeds and thought.

I cannot reach a ray that dwells on high,
I cannot grasp perfection's infinite power,
And yet the sun that lights a planet's sky,
Engrafts the streaks of colour on a flower!

And so, I look and strive, and every dream,
That wakes the soul to love and to aspire,
Resting upon the halo of its gleam,
Perchance may be illumined with its fire!
— *New Monthly Magazine.*

OUR OLD TREES. — There are as many oaks named after William the Conqueror as there are old, feudal towers attributed to Julius Cæsar, and there are at least some trees to which even a higher antiquity may be indubitably assigned. The oldest and largest tree of which Windsor can boast is the "King Oak," which Loudon tells us is said to have been a favourite with the Conqueror when he enclosed the forest. It is twenty-six feet in circumference, and is supposed to be a thousand years old. More famous still is the Winfarthing oak near Diss, in Norfolk, which, tradition asserts, was known as "the old oak," even in the Conqueror's time. Immediately above the root its circumference is seventy feet, and forty feet at the middle of the bole. According to the best authorities this oak is believed to be not less than 1,500 years old! Not many buildings now existing, except in ruins, are so ancient as this tree. In the Conqueror's time it might well be called "old," for it had then seen some seven hundred summers. It was an old tree when Alfred the Great was fighting the Danes and founding the English monarchy; in fact, it may be said to have lived through the whole "History of England." Another tree, the sober-mantled yew — associated in our thoughts with

the peaceful parish church-yard — attains a remarkable size and longevity. Numbers are to be found with a girth of twenty-five or twenty-seven feet; and there is one at Ankerwyke, near Windsor, which is believed to be 1,000 years old, and which, therefore, must have been flourishing in ripe maturity when King John was signing Magna Charta on the neighbouring Runnymede. Another famous yew grew near Fountain's Abbey, whose age, as indicated by the concentric rings of its trunk, must have been about 1,214 years. Scientific deduction was in this instance corroborated by history; for it is on record that, while the abbey was being built in 1133, the monks were accustomed to take shelter under it from the rain. Mention is likewise made of another yew which, one would think, must have been the Methuselah of its tribe, for its age, as was inferred from the usual structural evidence, reached back over a space of 2,880 years. Admitting this estimate to be true, the tree must have been planted about the time when Solomon began to reign in Israel. The great botanist, De Candolle, believed that the age of the famous Baobab of the Cape de Verde Islands, whose circumference is 109 feet, reached far beyond the period mentioned. — *Dr. Child's Benedicite.*